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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1894. NUMBER 25.

Poetry.

ADVICE TO PREACHERS.

If you've got a sermon, preach it,
Nor wander off in a tangled maze
Of old Egyptian idol worship,
And waste your time on ancient days.
Prod the people now before you,
Point their way to holy ground,
But, in doing it, have mercy—
Boil it down.

When you read a chapter, read it,
Not in drony, sing-song tone;
Put some vim and pathos in it,
As though you meant to send it home.
And if you undertake to comment,
Don't obscurely "slosh around;"
Give an explanation plainly—
Boil it down.

Preach pure religion, undefiled,
Not science, doctrine or philosophy.
Give clear ideas in language mild,
Not "higher critics" nor theosophy.
Preach gospel truth and do not flatter,
And if on earth you wish renown,
To thirsty souls pour living water,
Boil it down.

Your hearers do not like to sit
So very long at morning prayer,
With neither wisdom, worth nor wit
To keep them wakeful there.
So clip your words and speak with care,
And if you'd win a heavenly crown,
O——, at the morning prayer,
Boil it down.
—The Interior.

THE BROOK.

I looked in the brook and saw a face;
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!
There were rushes and willows in that place,
And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by;
And the brook it ran its own sweet way,
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And as it ran I heard it say:
"Hasten with me
To the roystering sea
That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face;
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!
The rushes are dead in the old-time place,
And the willows I knew when a child was I;
And the brook it seemeth to me to say,
As ever it stealeth on its way,
Solemnly now and not in play:
"Oh, come with me
To the slumbrous sea
That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!"
Heigh-ho, but the years go by,
I would to God that a child were I!
—Chicago Record.

THINK IT OVER.

Before you undertake a scheme,
Just think it over.
It doesn't pay to sit and dream—
But think it over.
It isn't wise to be too rash,
It never pays to be too brash,
Sometimes it costs in actual cash
So think it over.

If you are going to propose,
Just think it over.
It's hard to hold back, goodness knows—
But think it over.
You may have funds enough for two,
But seven or eight may come to you—
And if they should what would you do?
So think it over.

In fact, whatever comes along,
Just think it over.
That is the burden of this song—
Just think it over.
Don't be afraid you'll miss the train
By sitting down to work your brain.
The chances are that you will gain—
So think it over.
—Somerville Journal.

Miscellany.

SHE WAS A SMART GIRL.

And She Made Him Draw a Big Prize in Love's Lottery.

There was a young man who had a girl friend. He went to see her at irregular intervals. He made his last call one day last week. She had some wedding-cake from the nuptials of a friend of hers, and she was telling him of a new way she had discovered for finding out whether you were going to get married within a year. "I will take some of this cake," she said, "and put it in this envelope, and I will take seven slips of paper and write on six of them the names of six girls you know, any one of whom you are likely to marry. The seventh I will leave blank. Then I will put the slips in the envelope with the wedding-cake and give the whole thing to you. Now, you must take it and put it under your pillow when you go home. In the morning, the very first thing after you open your eyes, you must take out one slip. Do this for seven mornings in succession, and on the last slip will be the name of the girl you are sure to marry. If the blank comes last you will never marry."

The young man was quite impressed with the scheme. He took the envelope and promised faithfully to fulfill all the conditions and to come back and report at the end of seven days. He went home and put the envelope under his pillow. Next morning he drew out a slip, and on it was the name of the girl who had given the charm to him. He thought that that was pretty tough luck, for he really liked the girl very much. He was out rather late next night, and when he awoke he was in a hurry and forgot all about the charm. When he got home that night he began thinking the matter over and wondering who the other girls were.

He got the envelope and peered into it. The slips were all carefully folded and he could not see a name. Then his curiosity got the upper hand. He took out all the slips and unfolded them. All of the remaining six had names on them and in each instance the name was that of the girl who had prepared the charm. He sat down and thought long and earnestly. Then he put on his evening clothes and went straight up to that girl's house. He stayed a long time and when he came away he was smiling and happy, and there is going to be a wedding or the West Side one of these days.

There is a girl who has a long head.

During the Strike.

The princess displayed no interest when the first maid of honor announced that the foreign suitor had sent her a necklace for a birthday present.

"Ah," she quietly observed, "more diamonds, I presume."

"No."

"Pearls?"

"No."

"Rubies?"

"No. Coal."

"Heavens——"

Her highness was excited now.

"—but he must be rich."—Detroit Tribune.

Not to be Expected.

"See here," said the captious critic to the city functionary, "I would like to know on what grounds you based your refusal to let that play be performed?"

"Well," said the city functionary, "the agent for the Society for the Prevention of Everything Preventable said that it was contrary to good morals."

"And you don't know yourself whether such was the case or not?"

"Of course I don't. How could you expect a man in my business to know anything about morals?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Didn't Want a Second-Hand Book.

Salesman—"Now, this is a book I can highly recommend. I have read it myself."

Mrs. Noovah—"Oh, then, it would never do. I don't want any second-hand books. Haven't you any that haven't been read?"—Harper's Weekly.

She Had Not Traveled.

Bacon—"My wife thinks there is no one like me on the face of this earth."

Egbert—"Well, she hasn't traveled much. There are some very homely men out in Chicago."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Struck 'Em.

"I hear Bilker lost his job. Wonder if he's struck anything since?"

"Er—yes; all of his friends and two-thirds of his acquaintances."—Buffalo Courier.

ANOTHER MUSICAL PRODIGY.

London Considers Young Huberman a Child Mozart.

The latest musical prodigy of European production is 10-year-old Bronislaw Huberman.

Delighted Londoners compare him to the child Mozart. He is a violinist, with a Slav face, and enthusiastic amateurs find in it a marked resemblance to Rubenstein. Others, again, see in the lad a striking resemblance to Beethoven, and thus the dilettanti

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN.

of the big metropolis are excited over the little virtuoso. He has made the grand tour of the continent, and his fiddle has made him friends with the music-loving people of Vienna, Brussels, Berlin and Paris. Even the phlegmatic Dutchmen were aroused into delight and astonishment at the boy's skill, and now he has caught the stolid Britishers.

Like many other musicians of the first order, little Huberman is a Pole. When only three years old he was taken to the opera at Warsaw, and on returning home surprised his parents by whistling the entire score of the music he had heard. That is one of the stories they tell about the little Pole. There is a strong flavor of advance agent about it, but then musical prodigy stories are never intended to be subjected to any of the usual tests of probability, etc. The juvenile Pole is an interesting personality.

A YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

Remarkable Weather Experienced in the United States During 1816.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal is reminded, by the severe storms and cold of the past week or so, that the year 1816 was called the "Year Without a Summer." Few persons now living can recollect it; but it was the coldest ever known throughout Europe and America. The following is a brief abstract of the weather during the year:

January was mild—so much so as to render fires almost needless in parlors. December previous was very cold.

February was not very cold; with the exception of a few days it was mild like its predecessor.

March was cold and boisterous during the first part of it; the remainder was mild. A great freshet on the Ohio and Kentucky rivers caused great loss of property.

April began warm, but grew colder as the month advanced, and ended in snow and ice with a temperature more like winter than spring.

May was more remarkable for frowns than her smiles. Buds and flowers were frozen; ice formed half an inch thick; corn was killed, and the fields were again and again planted until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude. Frost, ice and snow were common. Almost every green thing was killed. Fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven inches in Maine and three inches in New York and also in Massachusetts. Considerable damage was done at New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise in the river; the suburbs were covered with water and the roads were only passable in boats.

July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice was formed of the thickness of common windowglass throughout New England, New York and some parts of Pennsylvania. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed. Some favorably situated fields escaped. This was true of some of the Hill farms of Massachusetts.

August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months already passed. Ice was formed half an inch thick. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part of it was cut down and cured for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed, both in this country and Europe. Papers received from Europe stated that it would be remembered by the present generation that the year of 1816 was a year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England and the Middle States. Farmers supplied themselves from the corn produced in 1815 for the seed of the spring of 1817. It sold at from $4 to $5 per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became very cold and frosty and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick.

October produced more than its share of cold weather—frost and ice abundantly.

November was cold and blustery. Enough snow fell to make good sleighing.

December was quite mild and comfortable.

The above is a brief summary of the cold summer of 1816 as it was called to distinguish it from the cold seasons. The winter was mild. Frost and ice were common in every month of the year. Very little vegetation matured in the Eastern and Middle States. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat through the summer; all nature seemed to be clad in sable hue and men were anxious concerning future life. The average price of flour in the Philadelphia market during that year was $13 per barrel. The average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter.

Aunt Maria's Opinion.

"Jonah," remarked Aunt Maria to her nephew, "why in the name of goodness did you ever become a preacher?" This after she had heard him in the pulpit for the first time.

"Because, Aunt Maria," he replied, "I was called."

"Ugh," she exclaimed; "maybe you was, but all I've got to say is you held a mighty poor hand."—Detroit Free Press.

The Common View.

"Don't you believe the world is growing better?" asked the enthusiastic young woman.

"Well," replied the old gentleman, "the older people are less pig-headed and prejudiced than were elderly people when I was a youth. But I do not think the young men of the present day have half the enterprise or judgment of those of my time."—Indianapolis Journal.

IT BRINGS DEATH.

Why Miss Boggs Did Not Wear a Turquoise Blue Bonnet.

"What a dear little bonnet," cried Mrs. Twiggs, as she kissed Miss Boggs in affectionate greeting. "I suppose you brought it back from New York with you. Imported? Yes, I thought so: those French women are inimitable."

"Yes," said Miss Boggs, sadly, "it is quite pretty still, but not half as stylish nor as becoming as when it was trimmed with turquoise blue velvet."

The tiny headdress referred to could hardly be dignified by the name of bonnet. It was a little, crownless thing, with a coronet of jet, and at the back a broad bow of light magenta velvet.

"I can hardly imagine anything prettier than that lovely shade of pink," Mrs. Twigs replied, with her usual tact, "but if you thought the blue was newer and more becoming, why, pray, dear, did you have it changed?"

"Because my mother had a very disagreeable superstition on the subject of light blue on headgear."

"A superstition? How very odd."

"A veritable relic of the dark ages, I call it, but I cannot conquer it, just the same. The day after I came home from New York, I put on my nice little bonnet to make a round of calls. On my way down stairs I met our housekeeper, Bridget, who, you know was my nurse, and who feels herself a privileged character. She gave one look at my head, and throwing her apron over her face, she began sobbing and bemoaning herself, as only an Irishwoman can. I insisted upon knowing what was the matter." It was very simple. According to an old Irish saying, to wear light blue on a hat brings certain death to some member of the family of the wearer during the year. Hence the tears."

"Did any one ever hear anything more absurd?"

"That is just what mamma said when she heard of it, but, alas! it made a lasting impression upon her just the same. Later in the day she thought light blue not nearly as becoming as almost any other color; she thought magenta much prettier—turquoise was so very showy—hardly ladylike, in fact. Really, she thought, I had better have it changed. Was it not aggravating? I told mamma just what I thought of her superstitious fancies. I know she firmly believes that everything goes by threes, and I have never known her to cross a funeral—she says it is a mark of disrespect for the dead, but I know better. And she calls herself a strong-minded woman."

"It is ridiculous, certainly," said Mrs. Twiggs. "I think I will not have blue on my spring hat, though—the idea is so very unpleasant."—Ex.

THE AVENGER'S TRACK.

They Were Waiting for Their Victim and Would Get Him or Die.

"The only time ever I was really scart," said the colonel, "was in the edge of a little town in Ohio."

"Ha, ha! Let's have it, colonel," came a chorus of yells.

"Well, I wus comin' along about midnight—mind ye, boys, I've seen life in the plains an' in the arm—"

"Oh, yes—go on!"

"Well, it was nigh onto midnight, an' as I passed through a clump o' trees—this wus a college town and—"

"Yes, yes, what happened?"

"Somethin' seemed to crawl all over me an' push my ha'r right up through the scalp. I could see nuthin', but I knew somethin's wrong. So I blundered through the half da'kness an' fust thing I knowed I run plump into about fo' dozen a'med men—"

"Impossible!"

"I wisht it had been. They wuz young, active, fightin' men, too, an' ev'y one of 'em hed a revolvah an' big club. 'Well,' ses I, 'gents, ef ye'll take me to the boss robbah, I'll give ye my watch—"

"'Get out ye ole fool!' was the ansuh."

"Did you git?"

"No, sah! Somethin' bout that crowd seemed to hold me, an' I staid. Well putty soon they begin to edge up in a suhkle, gettin' out an' cockin' theh revolvahs. They wus, as I said, 'bout fifty. Some of 'em picked up mo' clubs an' some rocks. They wus muddah in theh eyes an' death in the ah—"

"Yes, yes, what happened?"

"I wuz fascinated, spellbound, awfully sca'd, and wusn't made a bit easiah when I hud the ledah whispah: 'Boys, don't let 'im escape!' But, sah, when the suhkle got closah an' I cuddent stand it no longah, I tuhned to the nighest man an' said:

"'In heaven's name, sah, what's the meanin' o' this?'

"'How's you jaw lock?' he asked.

"'Tight, sah, I kin keep a sec'et with any of 'em.'

"'Well,' said he, 'ye see we ah ahmed fo' despit deeds, an' will die a fightin'—'

"'I see!' said I, tremblin' all ovah.

"'Yo see that house amung the bushes?'

"'Yes, I did!'

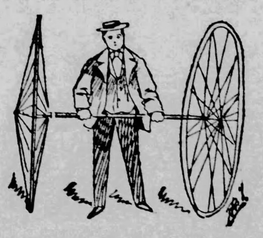
"'Well, thah's a blamed, insignificant little cuss of a sophomore hid in that house an' we ah goin' t' have 'im er die!'"

"Then, boys, I quietly went about my business. I'm an educated man myself an' neveh meddle with the cause."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The Tochocycle.

For a full-grown man or woman to roll a hoop would seem very puerile, says the Scientific American, and yet a glance at the accompanying reproduction of a photograph taken at Dieppe last summermight make a person think that the sport therein represented, which is now much in favor, and which, although less primitive than hoop rolling, is just as useful for restoring one's impaired health, was carrying him back to the days of his childhood. It is a picture of an apparatus designed, through the pull that it exerts in moving forward, to increase the speed of a person walking or running a foot race. It consists essentially of two wheels of any sort of material utilizable for the purpose, and to which any desired dimensions may be given. These wheels revolve freely around an axle that serves as a support, and upon which a person bears through the intermedium of handles.

In some patterns of this device the axle is straight, while in others it is cranked to permit of the foot resting



THE TOCHOCYCLE ON THE BEACH AT DIEPPE.

on it. The inventor proposes to add small intermediate wheels, if need be, to give more stability to the entire system. As may be seen, the mechanism is not very complicated. In this respect the apparatus seems to have a great advantage over ordinary cycling machines, which are so quick to deteriorate; and, although the speed at which it carries a person along is not so great as that of such machines, it nevertheless seems as if its utility were greater, from a hygienic standpoint, since walking or foot racing will always remain the kind of locomotion best adapted to our physical nature, without speaking of the accidents that are less to be feared with this apparatus, which one can let go of at any moment, if occasion requires it.

An Egotist.

He—Yes, I know two men I thoroughly admire.

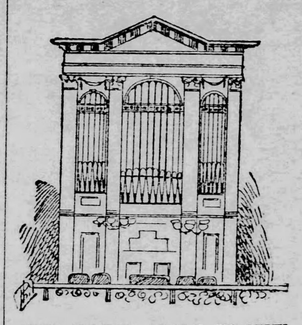
She—Indeed. Who's the other one?—Life.

AN ANTIQUE ORGAN.

It is the Oldest in New York City and is Still in Good Condition.

The Recorder says that the members of the Hedding Methodist Euiscopal church, of Seventeenth street, near First avenue, enjoy the distinction of singing every Sunday to the accompaniment of the oldest church organ in New York city. The Rev. Alexander McLean, the pastor of the church, and Prof. J. H. Brice, the organist, are as proud of the fine tone of the instrument as others are of its age.

Of the history of this famous old organ its owners seem to be in doubt. In advertising the forty-first anniversary services of the church, which took place recently, the statement was made that the organ pipes were originally imported from Holland for a church then situated on Wall street. A Recorder reporter learned from no



THE OLDEST ORGAN IN NEW YORK.

less an authority than Mr. Edward G. Jardine, a son of the maker of the instrument, that the pipes were made right here in New York city. Mr. Jardine, who is at the head of the famous firm of organ manufacturers, also gave the full history of the instrument.

It was built in 1837 by George Jardine, the originator of the present firm and was one of the first fine instruments. Jardine had recently come over from England, where he had learned the trade of making organs, while at work on some of the finest instruments in England. One of the most famous organs he had worked on was that in Westminster Abbey, then one of the finest in the world.

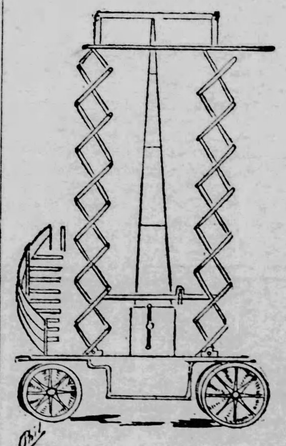
When the old Wall street Presbyterian church was moved to Jersey City and became the First Presbyterian church of that town, which was away back in 1836 or 1837, the members placed an order with the young English organmaker for a fine instrument. With the benefit of his experience abroad, Jardine built what was th en the finest organ in this country, and it was exhibited at the American Institute fair, where it won the gold medal and first prize. While it was on exhibition there it was played upon by Dr. Edward Hodges, then organist of old Trinity church, and one of the finest organists in the country. The instrument received very widespread praise, both for its tone and its volume, and was generally acknowledge to be the finest in Amtrica.

Soon after the big fair ended, the new organ was set up in the church over in Jersey City, and became an object of considerable attention. While there it was played by Greatorex, another famous musician, and the organist of Calvary church, of New York. In 1850 the Jersey City church was torn down, and the organ was then sold to the Hedding M. E. church, and moved over to its present home on East Seventeenth street. About three years ago it was moved from the back of that building to its present position, over the pulpit, at the north end of the church.

The instrument itself, according to Mr. Jardine, is a fine one, though there have been many finer built since its day. It has two rows of keys and thirty stops. In all there are over 2,000 pipes, varying in length from six-teen feet to six inches long. Several of the stops which have since become common in fine organs, were first used in this country in this instrument. The trumpet, eboe and open diapson stops were all used in it for the first time, while the rich tone of the instrument was largely due to the fact that Jardine made most of the pipes of the same scale as those in the famous organ in Westminster Abbey. As in the case of almost all of the other early organs, the Hedding church instrument is still blown by hand power.

Portable Fire Escape.

The cut shows an extension fire escape, recently patented by an Albany man. Its operation can readily be understood, consisting mainly of a duplex system of lazy tongs, which can be ex-



PORTABLE AND EXTENSION FIRE ESCAPE.

tended by the operation of a crank working in the toothed bars of the arrangement of tongs. The top is mounted by a platform, which extends to the side, and which is controlled by the tooth and crank mechanism.

It Was His Wife's.

"I have read with much amusement," says a friend, "the accounts of various queer occurrences in some of our churches, and I want to tell you of an amusing thing I saw happen some few years ago in one of the largest churches here. The minister was preaching a sermon which drew forth the deep sympathy of his hearers and caused the tears to well up in his own eyes. He reached for his handkerchief and shook it out preparatory to wiping away the affecting tears, when a long, white, woman's hose took the form of the supposed handkerchief. Imagine the mirth of the congregation and the horror of the dignified speaker, whose handkerchief got mixed with his wife's stockings."—Utica Observer.

A Well-Seasoned One.

"One would think that winter had come, wouldn't he?" said young Mr. Smartleigh, as he vainly struggled with the wing of a fowl upon his plate.

"What makes you think so, Mr. Smartleigh?" asked the landlady.

"Well, for one thing," said Mr. Smartleigh, "this chicken, which, I believe, is what you denominate a spring chicken."—Chicago Record.

Was There for Business.

"Where's old man Jinkins?"

"He's out yonder a-votin'."

"Soon be home, will he?"

"Well, I don't know erbout that; you see, they done run short on votes, an' he's got to git his man in by sundown an' six hundred majority."—Atlanta Constitution.

Our Story Teller.

THE HELMET.

From the French by Ferdinand Bessier.

"But, uncle, I love my cousin!"

"Get out!"

"Give her to me."

"Don't bother me!"

"It will be my death!"

"Nonsense! you'll console yourself with some other girl."

"Pray——"

My uncle, whose back had been toward me, whirled around, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.

"Never!" he cried; "never! Do you hear what I say?"

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands, he went on:

"A pretty husband you look like!—without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes!'"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh and then went on with the furbishing of a big, double handed sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well known dealer in antiquities and objets d'art, No. 53 Rue des Claquettes, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marseilles and old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, sabers and muskets and pic-

"THREATENINGLY HE CAME TOWARD ME."

ture frames; below these were ranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts and statues of saints, one armed or one legged for the most part and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there were knick-knacks in infinite variety—lachrymatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, bracelets, crosses, necklaces, medals and miniature ivory statuettes, the yellow tints of which, in the sun, took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Cornuberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbors said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. Held in esteem by all, a Municipal Councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office, short, fat, highly choleric and headstrong, but at bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of man—such was my Uncle Cornubert, my only living male relative, who, as soon as I left school, had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a Municipal Councillor, he was yet more, and above all, father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I digressed.

Without paying any attention to the sighs which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long, two handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; 5 o'clock was striking.

"The Council!" he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that august word it made a mouthful; for a pin he would have saluted it bareheaded. But, this time, after a moment's consideration, he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme relief:

"No, the sitting does not take place before to-morrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to get the consignment of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat and laying down his glass, he called out:

"Rose, give me my cane and hat!"

Then, turning toward me, he added, in a lowered tone and speaking very quickly:

"As to you—don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make me say 'Yes,' try!—but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, not a word to Rose, or, by Saint Bartholemy, my patron of happy memory, I'll instantly kick you out of doors!"

At that moment Rose appeared with my uncle's cane and hat, which she handed to him. He kissed her on the forehead; then, giving me a last but eloquent look, hurried from the shop.

I went on scouring my double handed sword. Rose came quietly toward me.

"What is the matter with my father?" she asked; "he seems to be angry with you."

I looked at her—her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy, and her teeth so white that I told her all—my love, my suit to her father, and his rough refusal. I could not help it—after all, it was his fault! He was not there; I determined to brave his anger. Besides, there is nobody like timid persons for displaying ecurage under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing; she only held down her eyes, while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

I checked myself.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked, tremblingly. "Are you angry with me, Rose?"

She held out to me her hand. On that, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried:

"Rose, I swear it! I will be your husband!" And as she shook her head and looked at me sadly, I added: "Oh! I well know that my uncle is self willed, but I will be more self willed still; and, since he must be forced to say 'yes,' I will force him to say it!"

"But how?" asked Rose.

Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But, no matter; I would find a way to surmount it!

At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other; I returned to my double handed sword, brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun; my uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me; but I could think of nothing, of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At 3 o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner time, in the evening. On the threshold she only could make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our converrsation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at his helmet.

"You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle.

I put it down. The storm was gathering; I could not do better than allow it to blow over.

But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the enormous morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armor, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered; and, urged by I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget piece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless I watched what he was doing—thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and—crack!—down fell the visor; and there was my uncle, with his head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan!

I could contain myself no longer and burst into a roar of laughter; for my uncle, stumpy, fat and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance.

Threateningly he came toward me.

"The hinges! the hinges, fool!" he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot!" he cried.

But the helmet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more he gesticulated, the more he yelled and threatened me, the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hotel de Ville, striking five, was heard.

"The Municipal Council!" murmured my uncle, in a stifled voice. "Quick! help me off with this beast of a machine! We'll settle our business afterward."

But, suddenly likewise, an idea—a wild, extraordinary idea—came into my head; but then, whoever is madder than a lover? Besides, I had no choice of means.

"No!" I replied.

My uncle fell back two paces in terror—and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders.

"No," I repeated, firmly, "I'll not help you out unless you give me the hand of my cousin Rose!"

From the depth of the strangely elongated visor came, not an angry exclamation, but a veritable roar. I had "done it!" I had burned my ships!

"If you do not consent to do what I ask of you," I added, "not only will I not help you off with your helmet, but I will call in your neighbors and then go and find the Municipal Council!"

"You'll end your days on the scaffold!" cried my uncle.

"The hand of Rose!" I repeated. "You told me it would only be by force that you would be made to say 'yes'—say it, or I will call in the neighbors!"

The clock was still striking; my uncle raised his arms as if to curse me.

"Decide at once," I cried, "somebody is coming!"

"Well, then—yes!" murmured my uncle. "But make haste!"

"On your honor?"

"On my honor!"

The visor gave way, the gorget piece also, and my uncle's head issued from durance, red as a poppy.

Just in time. The chemist at the corner, a colleague in the Municipal Council, entered the shop.

"Are you coming?" he asked; "they will be beginning the business without us."

"I'm coming," replied my uncle.

And without looking at me, he took up his hat and cane and hurried out.

The next morning all my hopes had vanished. My uncle would surely not forgive me.

At dinner time I took my place at the table on his right hand in low spirits, ate little and said nothing.

"It will come with the dessert," I thought.

Rose looked at me, and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the dessert over, my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head, and then——

"Rose, come here!"

Rose went to him.

"Do you know what that fellow there asked me to do yesterday?"

I trembled like a leaf, and Rose did the same.

"To give him your hand," he added.

"Do you love him?"

Rose cast down her eyes.

"Very well," continued my uncle; "on this side the case is complete. Come here, you."

I approached him.

"Here I am, uncle," and, in a whisper, added quickly, "Forgive me!"

He burst in a hearty laugh.

"Marry her, then, donkey—since you love her, and I give her to you!"

"Ah!—uncle!"

"Ah—dear papa!"

And Rose and I threw ourelves into his arms.

"Very good! very good!" he cried, wiping his eyes. "Be happy, that's all I ask."

And, in turn, he whispered in my ears:

"I should have given her to you all the same, you big goose; but—keep the story of the helmet between us two!"

I give you my word that I have never told it but to Rose, my dear little wife. And if you ever pass along the Rue des Claquettes, No. 53, at the place of honor in the old shop, I'll show you my uncle's helmet, which he would never sell.

KEEP IN LINE.

When the world is going right,
Keep in line;
When the path is strewn with light,
Keep in line;
When across life's rippling sea
Joy is floating, fair and free,
While the birds sing merrily—
Keep in line.

When the world is going wrong,
Keep in line;
With an impulse pure and strong,
Keep in line;
Drive the shadow from despair,
Smooth the wrinkled brow of care—
Plant a song upon the air;
Keep in line.

There's a noble task for you,
Keep in line;
There's enough for all to do—
Keep in line;
Through the billows' wildest play,
Hope still points an open way—
You may anchor in the bay,
Keep in line.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ARCHITECT AND ARTIST.

Talented Miss Mary E. Tillinghast—A Painter and Designer.

The requirements of the architectural art are such that it takes a smart man to fulfill them. How much more creditable for a woman to meet them, when you consider how recent has been the admission of the fair sex to any profession?

An accomplished architect is what her business and social acquaintances call Miss Mary E. Tillinghast, and she is one. Her designs have attracted wide-spread attention by reason of their rae beauty and originality. She has the soul of an artist and mathematical knowledge of an experienced artisan.

Miss Tillinghast occupies luxurious offices at No. 3 Washington square, New York. She chose the neighborhood from a business standpoint, on

MISS TILLINGHAST.

account of its quietness; from a social because several of the old Knickerbocker families with whom she is intimate, still live there.

Her own particular workroom is a sunny apartment looking out upon the quaint old park. In mild weather, when the windows are open, her fair cheek is fanned by fragrant breezes from the grand old trees, as she bends over her chart, absorbed in the creation of some new facade or frieze or capital.

Not only is she a fine architect, but she is a clever painter and a wonderful designer in stained glass. She is employed by Tiffany & Co., all of whose employes in the stained glass department are women.

Miss Tillinghast attracted attention when she was only an art student. Even then all of her original work was unique and charming. Since she became a professional, she has lost nothing of her novelty; on the contrary, her originality has developed with her experience.

She was a pupil of Carolus Duran, and of John La Farge, and one of the prime favorites of those extremely exacting gentlemen.

Why She Takes the Other Line.

A pretty girl got on a street car yesterday, says the Indianapolis Sentinel, and when the conductor came to her for fare she handed him what she thought was a folded transfer ticket which she took out of her glove. He rang the register mechanically, and when he got on the platform looked at the check. Then he blushed and looked at the girl, but she was looking out of the window. He read the paper again, and forgot to let three old women off the car, he was so excited. The pretty girl motioned at him to stop the car and he took off his cap with a stunning bow as she left the car. She seemed surprised, but made no remark. When she got home she took out her folded car ticket from her glove and looked at it in amazement. Then she blushed, too. This is what she had given the conductor, a bit of newspaper bearing these verses:

"For you Love's own dear land
Of roses fair and free;
And if you will—no hand
To give a rose to me.
For you Love's dearest bliss
In all the years to be;
And if you will—no kiss
Of any love for me."

She has the habit of carrying bits of sentimental poetry in her glove; but no wonder the conductor was astonished at receiving so many in donation. She now takes another car line and he looks in vain for her.

In the Interest of Truth.

As the fish entered his home his wife received with a shriek of horror.

"What," she demanded in a frenzy, "is that string hanging out of your mouth?"

He heard her not.

"Darling," he implored, "my traveling bag."

With trembling hands she collected a collar and a pair of socks.

"My life," the husband hastily continued, "I am caught. All I ask of you is that you do not believe all the lies that will be told about me."

With a convulsive pressure of the hand, he was gone.—New York Recorder.

A Singular Comment.

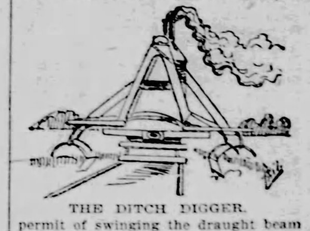
A suburban paper, reporting a meeting of a Woman's Dress Reform League, says: "Thirty odd women were present."—Philadelphia Record.

MUSICAL TERMS.

Accelerando—In speed, increasing measure.
Ad libitum—Sing at discretion's pleasure.
Adagio—Expressive, soft and slow.
Affettuoso—Let tenderness and pathos flow.
Allegro—Now fingers fly and words run fast.
Allegretto—Not quite so rapid as the last.
Andante—Soft and slow the movement goes.
A tempo—Mark the music as it flows.
Brilliante—With great spirit and with might.
Expressione—In excessive movement right.
Crescendo—From soft to loud the music swells.
Da capo—"Return," this sign the player tells.
Decrescendo—From loud to soft the music falls.
Forte—To action loud the signal calls.
Fortissimo—Louder, louder, raise the song.
F. F. F.—Louder yet, and very strong.
Legato—Glide soft and close when this you see.
Maggiore—Signifies the major key.
Mezzo forte—A little louder, but not too strong.
Mezzo piano—A little soft; too soft is wrong.
Mezzo voce—Subdued and in a quiet tone.
Moderato—Little quickness here is shown.
Piano—Soft and low, with gentleness.
Pianissimo—Softer, with sweet tenderness.
Prestissimo—Quick and quicker fly your fingers.
Staccato—Sharp and pointed, nothing lingers.
Unison—Sing together in one voice.
And in music all rejoice.

A Steam Ditch Digger.

This is a machine adapted to form a ditch on one or both sides of the roadbed of a railway, the ditching mechanism being operated by engines on the rear end of the platform car on which the apparatus is arranged, says the Scientific American. The improvement has been patented by Mr. William Harvey, Stanberry, Mo. The front ends of the sides of each of the scrapers are connected by chains with a draught bar connected with a draught beam pivoted on the car, and held in place by a pivoted brace, to



THE DITCH DIGGER.

permit of swinging the draught beam inward when not in use the rear end of the scrapers being also similarly connected to a draught beam. The inner side of each scraper has a pivoted wing, to prevent dirt from falling on the track, and is connected with a link regulating the depth the scraper is to work, while the outer side has a pivoted wing adapted to give the desired slope to the side of the ditch. Each of the scrapers is suspended from a shaft connected with levers pivoted on swivel blocks, sliding transversely in guideways on the car platform, the front and rear levers of each scraper having each a clevis from which a rope extends up to a hoisting drum on a longitudinal shaft journaled in standards. This shaft is actuated by a sprocket chain from the main driving shaft, operated by engines of any approved construction on the rear end of the car. As the car on which the apparatus is arranged is pushed forward by a locomotive the scrapers dig into the ground until they are full, the car being intermittently moved forward only about the length of the scrapers at a time. The operator then, by means of a clutching mechanism, connects the hoisting drums with the hoisting shaft, whereby the scrapers are lifted, and the car is drawn by the locomotive to the place of dumping, where the dirt is automatically discharged. After the scrapers are loaded and raised they may be moved inwardly on the top of the car to permit of passing through tunnels, over bridges, etc. For the purpose of spreading the dirt at the place of dumping a special form of spreader is provided for attachment to the machine in place of the scraper.

Making Them Useful.

"What are you doing?" asked the neighbor, who had just dropped in for an afternoon call. "Makin' patterns?"

"No. I'm cuttin' all the Easter bonnet jokes out of the newspapers, I'm goister show 'em to my husban'. Maybe when he sees how everybody regards Easter bonnets ez a necessity, at any price, he'll step up an' do his duoty like a man."—Washington Star.

Looking for a Precedent.

"Wow! Murder!" said the young lady from New York to her beautiful Boston friend. "Great goodness, Clara, what are you standing there like a mummy for, when there's a mouse right under you?"

"Hush!" said Clara, calming herself by a great effort. "I am trying to recollect what one of Ibsen's heroines would have done in a similar emergency."—Chicago Record.

Cramped Quarters.

Willie Washington looked very dejected.

"What's the matter, Willie?" said his friend.

"I've been tweated wudely again," he answered. "I called on Miss Cayenne lawst evening and told her that the thought of her occupied my mind foh days."

"What did she say?"

"She said the thought must have felt as if it were in a New York flat."—Washington Star.

Not an Aunty.

They were discussing woman suffrage, and most of them appeared to be against it.

"Are you an anti?" was asked of one, a sympathetic stranger.

"No, I'm a mother," she answered.—Harper's Bazar.

Explained.

A stolen kiss is just because
It puts one's conscience on the rack,
And makes the thief, ere flying, pause
To put it back.
—Harper's Bazar.

Milestones to Fame.

Muggy—Hinks, the artist, is getting up in the world.

Bruggy—How do you know?

Muggy—You know that room of his he used to call an "office?"

Bruggy—Yes.

Muggy—A year ago he began to call it a "studio."

Bruggy—Yes.

Muggy—Well, now he calls it an "atelier."—Chicago Record.

Teaching Navigation.

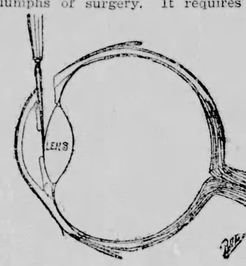
A man once sent his son to an Ir

BLIND EYE SEES AGAIN

OPERATION FOR CATARACT AS PERFORMED ON GLADSTONE.

Sharp Punctures With Sharp Knives — Extremely Delicate Work—Death Percentage Small.

The operation for cataract performed upon Mr. Gladstone in London by Drs. Nettleship and Habershon was completely successful, and the aged statesman, who was cheerful during the performance of the work, has since been receiving the congratulations of his friends. This operation, which Mr. Gladstone has just undergone, represents one of the highest triumphs of surgery. It requires a



CUTTING OUT THE LENS.

precision and delicacy of touch which no other operation calls for, and it necessitates the employment of instruments so fine that a hair's breadth differentiates one from the other.

Of all the human organs the eye in its structure and functions is the most wonderful as well as the most delicate. Within the compass of less than an inch, this organ embodies tissues which enable the mind to see and the lens which adjusts itself to every focus by an instinctive and unconscious process. The only result of the operation for cataract which Mr. Gladstone has just undergone is the loss of this little lens in the eye. That loss will now be supplied by eye-glasses of varying strength, but they are clumsy and awkward compared with the marvellously perfect lens which nature puts into the eye of every man.

Although the lens is embedded deep in the eye, it has nothing whatever to do with the delicate adjustment of sensitive nerves less than an inch away that enable a man to see. The faculties of sight are not at all impaired or in any way affected by the operation for cataract, although the latter involves very deep cutting into the eye and the removal of one of the parts which go to make it a perfect seeing organ.

The operation upon Mr. Gladstone did not take longer than fifteen minutes. There have been occasions where the operation for cataract has been performed twice upon the same person in less than an hour when both eyes were affected. In very old people a cataract in one eye is generally followed by a cataract in the other. Oculists now believe that Mr. Gladstone will have to undergo this operation, and perhaps he may do so within a month.

The operation for cataract has become almost painless since the introduction of cocaine, and no anaesthetic was used in the case of Mr. Gladstone. The greatest inconvenience to the patient, however, comes from the enforced incarceration in a dark room for several weeks following the operation. This is to enable the tissues of the eye to heal before any work is thrown upon that organ. The light is

THE UPWARD CUT.

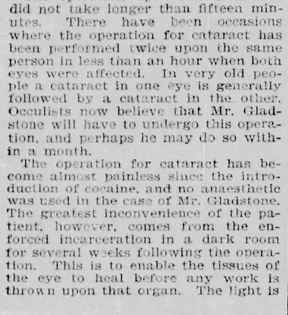
gradually let into the darkened room, and the patient, at the end of about three weeks, is released fully cured.

It would be almost impossible for any one but an experienced oculist to tell that the eye had been operated upon, as it appears naturally and unimpaired in every respect, being full and round, of good color, and exactly like its fellow. Similarly, it is very difficult to detect the presence of a cataract in the eye for any non-professional. Many people think that they can tell when a man has a cataract, and that they can pick out the victims of this disease when walking along the streets. Oculists know that this is a fallacy, and what is regarded as a cataract is not that at all, but some other affection of the eye. A curious thing about this disease is that it is not confined to human beings, and that cataracts are frequently found in the eyes of animals.

Another curious fact about the cataract is that no one knows what causes it. The men of science have not failed to advance theories and speculations as to the cause of the disease, but there is no unanimity of opinion among them on this subject. Attempts have also been made to cure the cataract without resort to the knife, but these are regarded as unsuccessful, and the surgical and scientific world agrees that an operation—which is the last resort of science—is in every case necessary.

While the operation for cataract requires the utmost skill, the chances of losing the eye are only three in one hundred. Statistics are accurately kept of the operations for cataract, and every case of failure and success is noted.

There are only two cuts of the knife



GLADSTONE WEARING HIS EYE SHIELD.

made in the operation. One of these cuts almost slices off the front of the eye, but it is a singular thing that, although it severs the delicate covering and goes deep into the interior of the organ, it heals up perfectly and leaves almost no mark. A cataract grows on the inside of the eye. It is not on the outside of the eye as is generally supposed. The sufferer becomes conscious of its existence generally by a gradual diminution of the power of sight. This is not because the organs of sight in the back of the eye are affected, but because the cataract affects only the little crystalline lens which intervenes.

This lens is affected by losing its crystalline quality and becoming somewhat opaque. It acquires a whitish color, and the power of sight is gradually lost as the lens becomes more and more opaque. A singular thing about the lens must here be explained. While it is really a little sac of liquid, shaped like the ordinary convex lens, it yet contains in its center an actual lens of clear gristle that is hard and strong. This is surrounded by clear liquid. The shape of the entire lens is constantly changing in daily life. When you look at a mountain ten miles off the lens in your eye is of one shape, but when you look at the ground at your feet it instantly changes its shape so as to bring the subject looked at into focus.

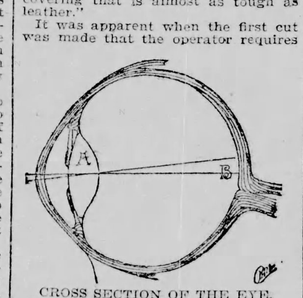
As the whole of the lens is affected in a cataract its entire removal from the eye is necessary. If it were not for the little hard lens in the center, the entire lens might be taken out through a small opening made with an instrument, being run out like so much water. But the little hard lens is more than a quarter of an inch across its face and an eighth to a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. It can only be removed through a slit cut down to the center. This is the first cut which is made.

In performing the operation it is necessary that the eye should be kept immovable. The patient could not do this himself. The oculist first inserts a speculum, which keeps the eyelids far apart and the eye wide open. The patient might, however, move his eye with the speculum in place. This is prevented by the use of a forceps, which grasps the skin of the eye below the eyeball and holds it firmly. This is generally held by an assistant of the operator. Another assistant holds a large magnifying glass which concentrates the light on the eye and illumines its interior.

The patient always undergoes the operation after having had a rest early in the morning in the time of day invariably selected by oculists, because the patient is fresh from his bed and thoroughly rested. Oculists also prefer to perform the operation by artificial light, which seems to be softer and more congenial to the eye than the light of day.

A New York World reporter who called upon an eminent oculist enjoyed the rare opportunity of seeing the operation for a cataract performed and says that in this instance a human eye taken from a bottle of alcohol, was used as illustration, being placed in the mask or false face which oculists use for this purpose. The knife with which the first cut was made had a blade that was about an inch in length, sharpened on one edge, with a very sharp point. As soon as the oculist began to work upon the eye it became apparent that that organ in the body is by no means as delicate as is commonly supposed. This was not because of the alcohol in which the specimen had been placed. "The eye is really well protected," said the doctor. "In the operation for cataract considerable muscular pressure is required. People generally think the eye is a bag of liquid contained in a thin film. As a matter of fact it is protected by a covering that is almost as tough as leather."

It was apparent when the first cut was made that the operator requires



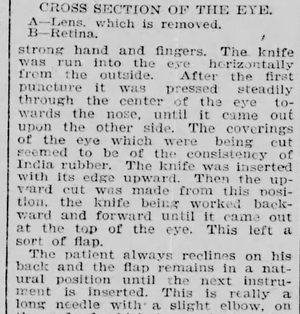
CROSS SECTION OF THE EYE.
A—Lens, which is removed.
B—Retina.

strong hand and fingers. The knife was run into the eye horizontally from the outside. After the first puncture it was pressed steadily through the center of the eye towards the nose, until it came out upon the other side. The coverings of the eye which were being cut seemed to be of the consistency of India rubber. The knife was inserted with its edge upward. Then the upward cut was made from this position, the knife being worked backward and forward until it came out at the top of the eye. This left a sort of flap.

The patient always reclines on his back and the flap remains in a natural position until the next instrument is inserted. This is really a long needle with a slight elbow, on the end of which is a minute point projecting inward with a slight elbow, on the end of which is a minute point projecting inward with a knife edge on its upper surface. The little knife which this instrument carries on its point is so small as almost to be invisible to the naked eye. Its purpose is to cut the sac containing the lens, which has thus far escaped the knife. This instrument is inserted through the cut which has just been made from the top and at an angle projecting outward. When its end has passed the center of the eye the operator changes the angle and gives the instrument a slight turn between his fingers so as to bring the little pointed knife inward. He now presses the latter into the lower part of the sac containing the lens and draws it sharply upward with his fingers.

The result of this is to sever the envelope of the lens and the liquid immediately begins to run out. A pressure of the finger on the outside of the eyeball is now all that is required to bring the little hard lens to the surface. It slips out through the opening made in the transparent filmy covering of the lens, and pressure on the bottom of the eyeball then makes it come out at the top. That is all the surgery that constitutes the operation for cataract, divested of the multitude of scientific terms employed in the profession.

A natural question at this point is, "What takes the place of the lens? Doesn't it leave a hole in the eye?" The cavity in the eye occupied by the lens fills up with vitreous humor within less than three minutes after the removal of the lens. This substance is supplied to the eye in abundance by nature, and is being constantly replenished. The place in the eye that was occupied by the lens fills with this transparent substance, and the whole organ retains its original shape and form. The transparent film which had formely been the envelope of the lens folds back out of the way of its own accord, leaving the field clear and unobstructed from the retina at the extreme back of the eye through the iris, the anterior chamber and the cornea. Thus the intervening obstruction formed by the affected lens and called the cataract, has been removed and the eye can see with its former vigor and clearness.



Mrs. H. M. Stover
Versailles, Mo.

Like Morning Dew

Hood's Sarsaparilla Freshens, Strengthens and Cures

Heart Palpitation — Distress — That Tired Feeling.

"I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me lots of good. I was subject to cramps in the stomach, liver complaint, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla relieved me wonderfully, and now when I feel the least uneasiness I resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it always gives me immediate relief. I could not do without it, and several of my neighbors have used it upon my recommendation and found it

An Excellent Medicine,

doing them good after all other medicines failed. I am also highly pleased with the effects of Hood's Pills. As morning dew

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

refreshes withered grass, so Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills refresh the human body of ills and pains." HARRIET M. STOVER, Versailles, Missouri. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c.

WORKS FIFTEEN MINUTES DAILY.

A Curious Industry Pursued in a Sixth Avenue Night Restaurant.

A short young man with small, twinkling eyes and a generally restless manner walked into a well-known Sixth avenue restaurant at about 2 o'clock the other morning, and approaching a table at which two pale-faced young women sat, sank down into a chair beside them and started in a conversation. The young women evidently knew him, as did almost every one else in the restaurant, for he was saluted from all sides as "Mockey."

"Just watch that young man," said the cashier to a New York Sun reporter. "He's the brother of a police captain of this city. He never works save for about fifteen minutes each night, and in that short space of time he makes enough to last him for the next day."

"But how does he do it?" inquired the reporter.

"Oh, you just watch him," returned the cashier, "and you'll see something you probably never saw before."

The reporter watched, and presently saw the young man take off his hat, remove the lining, which was of stiff cardboard, and take two small packages wrapped in tinfoil from underneath. These he handed to the two girls with whom he had been talking and one of them handed him back a bill and some silver. Pocketing the money and placing the lining back in his hat, he made a few jolly remarks to the girls, then got up and walked away.

From table to table he went and at each one he sat down and went through the same performance. The little tinfoil packages were evidently in great demand. Most of them were about a cubic inch in size, although some were larger. These latter were evidently special orders, for the young man got rid of them all in about five minutes. After making a tour of the room he walked up to the cashier's desk, purchased a box of cigarettes, lit one, giving a sigh of relief as he inhaled the smoke, and then walked out.

"Now," said the cashier, as the young man disappeared, "I'll bet a thousand to one that you cannot guess what was in those packages."

The reporter allowed that it was too much for him, and the cashier continued:

"Why, it was opium. That man is making a handsome living selling 'dope' to the unfortunate women who are so numerous around this precinct. He doesn't dare accost them on the street, as almost every policeman knows him and his business. He is an opium fiend himself, and has a regular trade. I don't know where he gets the 'dope,' but he gets it somehow and sells it to the girls who come in here to get a bite before going home. He carries it in the lining of his hat, as you probably noticed, and sells twenty or thirty boxes a night. It comes high, but these unfortunates would die without it, and, as it is not easy to procure nowadays, since all of the 'joints' have been closed, they have to get it from him. They don't all smoke by any means. Some of them eat it in the shape of pills, and most of them have their private layouts in their homes and enjoy it the same way a laboring man enjoys his pipe. This man 'Mockey' will get caught selling the stuff some day, and that'll finish him. It's a new industry, and as far as I know 'Mockey' has all of the trade at present. The girls wait for him here every night and purchase their stock of 'dope.' He's a great card, that fellow, and it's a wonder to me that some fly detective has not collared him before this."

—Attention is called to the advertisement in the classified agents' column of the well-known nursery firm, W. & T. Smith Co., of Geneva and Rochester, N. Y. They are one of the largest firms in the nursery business in the United States.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on The Blade's Book Table for Review.

"Cadet Days," by Captain Charles King, published by Harper and Brothers, New York City, is a capital story of a boy's experience at West Point and has all the peculiar charm of this author when writing about anything connected with military matters. Besides the entertainment to be found in the tales, information is given which cannot help proving very valuable to any one contemplating a sojourn at West Point Academy.

"With Edged Tools" is a story by Henry Seton Merriman which is published by Harper and Brothers, New York City. It is full of incident, the action being for the most part in Africa, the heroes having gone thither to seek amusement or to make a fortune. The latter is to be found in the Simiacine with which grows in the heart of the African country and great perils must be encountered in reaching it. Simiacine is the leaf of a shrub which has wonderful medicinal properties but which is exceedingly scarce, but the villain of the stor yhas discovered that it can be found upon a little plateau in a cannibal region.

"The White Crown and Other Stories" is the latest collection of several magazine sketches by Herbert D. Ward. They embrace "The White Crown," "The Semaphore," "The Value of a Cipher," "A Romance of the Faith," "Only an Incident," "A Cast of the Net," "The Equation of a Difficulty," and "The Missing Interpreter." "The Semaphore," one of the best of the list, is a graphic account of a thrilling incident in the ordinarily commonplace life of a railroad watchman. The book constitutes a capital edition to any "half-hour" series. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"In Sunny France," by Henry Tuckley, author of "Under the Queen," etc., is published by Cranston & Curtis, Cincinnati. It is a companion book to "Beautiful Pictures of England Life," by the same writer, and is made up of sketches of folks and things in France, the result of much careful observation and study. Mr. Tuckley wields a graceful pen and he talks about many things in a charming way, which are full of interest, and also valuable for the information given.

A pretty book for the young people is "Ingleside," by Barbara Yechton, author of "Christine's Inspiration" and other stories, is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City. The writer assures his readers that the little heroine, "Dossie," is a real little girl, while the West Indian nurse is also real. The spirit of the whole book is excellent, and none can read it without being made better.

"An Unofficial Patriot," by Helen H. Gardener, Arena Publishing Co., Copley Square, Boston, has just been received. The work is an issue of the Arena Library Series and finely sustains the reputation of the authoress made with an army of readers in "Pushed by Unseen Hands," "Men, Women and Gods," "Facts and Fictions of Life," etc. "An Unofficial Patriot" will interest a large class of readers, as it tells a splendid story of the war.

"Out of Bohemia" is a story of Paris student life, by Gertrude Martian Fosdick, which is published by George H. Richmond & Co., New York City. The heroine, Beryl Carrington, is an American girl, very beautiful, who is in Paris studying art and endeavoring to enjoy life at the same time. Innocently she places herself in positions that led to unpleasant consequences. The story leads her through various adventures to a happy termination.

"A Man of To-Day," by Helen Mathers, published by J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia, is somewhat of a disappointment to those who have read the pleasant stories from the pen of this author already published. It seems to have a purpose which is, perhaps, to protest against the mercenary spirit of the day, but it is not written with the clearness and wholesome expression that makes such a novel of value either of good or for entertainment.

Among the novels published in pamphlet form are the following: "Hypnotic Tales," by James L. Ford. Illustrated by Puck artists, and published by George H. Richmond & Co., New York city.

"Outrageous Fortune," a novel by Edgar Fawcett. Charles F. Dillingham & Co., agents, New York city.

"Though the Gods and the Years Relent," by Mrs. Edmund Nash Morgan, published by Home Book company, 45 Vesey street, New York city, and

"The Workingman's Wife," from the German of Friedrich Friedrich, translated by Hettie E. Miller and published by E. A. Weeks & Co., Chicago.

They Say.

That time is money; but just now we would rather have money.

That appearances are deceitful, but disappearances are still more so.

That we should do lovely things, not dream of them all day long.

That when the question is legally settled that women may vote, they won't want to.

That he who does not find other people entertaining is never entertaining himself.

That aerial navigation is on the wing, and we may be able soon to take a "fly" to Europe.

That when the minister pronounces a man and woman one, it is hard to decide which is the one.

That the man who always wears a flower in his buttonhole has a tender heart and clear conscience.—Baltimore Telegram.

Bound to Make a Hit.

Author—"I have a sure thing this time. I'll make a million dollars in less than a year."

Friend—"What is it?"

Author—"The hero and the heroine fall in love in the first chapter, get married in the second and divorced in the third. This is repeated, with the same heroine and a new hero, for twenty-four more chapters."—N. Y. Mercury.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

National Banks.

M. A. B., Clay, Ark.: To explain national bank issues, let us suppose a number of persons desire to start a national bank. They wish the capital stock to be $100,000. They must put in an amount of cash sufficient to buy $100,000 in United States bonds. They will probably buy the issue which is most abundant in the market—the 4 1-2 bonds. These are quoted to-day (June 1) at 113 3-4. Hence, to buy $100,000 face value, of them, they will have to pay $113,750. The national banking law allows them to issue notes not to exceed 90 per cent of the face value of the bonds. That is, they can issue only $90,000 in notes. These bonds are deposited in the United States treasury, as the property of the bank, and must remain there until its notes are all paid and withdrawn from circulation. The government does not "stand good" for the bank's notes; but it merely holds the bonds, and if the bank fails, they are sold, and its notes are redeemed with the money so obtained. The government is not security for depositors of the bank, of course.

The bank owns the bonds, and of course draws the interest. On $100,000, at 4 1-2 per cent, it is $4,500 a year. This is what they get in interest for the $113,750 they contributed as capital stock. The $90,000 of notes they are authorized to issue they can lend. Our Populist friends seem to find something very objectionable in the fact that the government pays the bank interest on its bonds. We can see no reason for objection. The government does not give them money or loan them money on these bonds—it simply gives them the right to issue bank notes; and it prints these notes itself as a matter of precaution against counterfeiting. A set of plates are made, the name of the city and the name of the bank being all that is different from any other national bank note, and it sends the bank $90,000 in these blank notes. When they arrive the president and cashier sign them, and then, and not till then, do they become promissory notes. They are the bank's promises to pay, not the government's. The government taxes the national banks one per cent per annum on their circulation, to cover the cost of printing the blank notes and renewing them as they become soiled or worn—an amount which experience has proved amply sufficient for the purpose.

Now let us take the case, supposing there were no national banking law. The persons starting a bank of issue would have, as capital, the amount of money which they spend in buying United States bonds for deposit in the treasury—that is, $113,750—which they could loan out for whatever the ruling rate of interest might be. They would go to some engraving firm, and have it engrave and print the number of bank notes needed, which we will assume to be $90,000, as in the first case. The engraver would furnish the notes in blank, the same as the government now furnishes the national bank notes, and when properly signed by the president and cashier, they would become valid promises to pay, and could be loaned also. Their amount, added to the amount of capital mentioned above, would give them the following sum:

Walled Lakes in the Northwest.

We are under obligations to C. B., of Crete, Neb., for the following interesting information in reply to a recent inquiry for information concerning the so-called "walled" lakes:

"I will give you the results of my own observations about the walled lakes in Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, for they occur in all of those states.

"First, the 'walls' are across the inlets of marshes, or where low ground borders on the lakes, and opposite to high bluffs; or when the lakes have high, steep, rocky shores on one side, and low or marshy banks on the other. They are invariably of roundish bowlders, or "nigger-heads," and have a race to the lake. Hence, to buy $100,000,

Talmage's Sermon.

ELOQUENT SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE YESTERDAY.

The Necessity and Advantage of Hard Work for Everybody Dwelt Upon—Respect for the Toilers.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who is now on his round-the-world journey, chose as his subject for yesterday: "Martyrs of the Needle," the text being Matthew xix. 24: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

Whether this "eye of the needle" be the small gate at the side of the big gate at the entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interpreted, or the eye of a needle such as is now handled in sewing a garment, I do not say. In either case it would be a tight thing for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fatigues and hardships going through the eye of the sewing woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus, the emperor, would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected! The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve in their perfect state, might have got along without work, or only such slight employment as a perfect garden, with no weeds in it demanded. But, as soon as they had sinned, the best thing for thew was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old Ashbel Green, at four-score years, when asked why he kept on working, said: "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, nine hundred and ninety-nine had to work vigorously at the beginning.

But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our community today are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning, who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with disheveled hair, reading the last novel; and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having spent an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their card-cases and go out to make calls; and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart was never imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life, is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should be, how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty and outrage of that father and mother, who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madame de Stael said: "It is not these writings that I am proud of, this fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

You say you have a fortune to leave them. A man and woman that have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night; or some elders or deacons of our churches may get up a fictitious company, and induce your orphans to put their money into it, and if it be lost, prove to them that it was eternally decreed that that was the way they were to lose it, and that it went in the most orthodox and lawful style. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christians engage in—until God puts his fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rips it bolt clear down to the bottom! You have no right, because you are well off, to conclude that your children are going to be as well off. A man died, leaving a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia grog-shop. His old comrades came in and said, as they bent over his corpse, "What is the matter with you, Boggsey?" The surgeon standing over him said: "Why, up! he is dead!" "Ah, he is dead!" they said. "Come, boys, let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggsey."

Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassination, filicide, regicide, infanticide. There are women toiling in our cities for three and four dollars per week, who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their father's table. That worn-out, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the $12 gaiters in which her mother walked; and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade, that swept broadway dust without any offense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence, and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea, prevalent in society, that though our young women may embroider slippers, and crochet, and make mats for lamps to stand on, without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a living is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her supper. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds, or trim hats, as it is to twist a watch-chain.

As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable.

Start with the idea that work is honorable, and that you can do some one thing better than any one else. Resolve that, God helping, you will take care of yourself. If you are, after a while, called into another relation, you will all the better be qualified for it by your spirit of self-reliance; or if you are called to stay as you are, you can be happy and self-supporting.

Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak, and woman the vine that climbs it; but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself, but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or affianced, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. The needle may break; the factory-band may slip; the wages may fall; but over every woman's head there are spread the two great, gentle, stupendous wings of the Almighty. Many of you will go single-handed through life, and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, painted nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman, and ask God to make you an humble, active, earnest Christian.

What will become of this godless disciple of fashion? What an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment; more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her bonnet strings than in her redemption. Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, and no one has so much right to dress well as a Christian. Not so with the godless disciple of fashion. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day, and rub the blister off her eyelids, and the rouge off her cheeks, and with two rough, bony hands, scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbons and lace and brooches and buckles and sashes and frisettes and golden clasps.

The dying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes. Draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first, and the farce afterward; but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life, then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such an one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered a hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammeled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick was to be visited, or the poor to be provided with food, she went with a blessing. She could pray, or sing "Rock of Ages" for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older, there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—auntie always dressed well; but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died, you all gathered lovingly about her; and as you carried her out to the Sunday-school class almost covered the coffin with japonicas; and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly; and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies;" and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea, commanded: "I say unto thee, arise!"

Hood's and Only Hood's.

Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and to give you appetite and strength. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Any effort to substitute another remedy is proof of the merits of Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

HONITON BRAID EMBROIDERY.

With Illustration and a Decorated Corner for Table Linen.

The very latest thing in needlework is a combination of the honitan braid with embroidery. Heretofore we have had the lovely lace work, and we have even seen the braids used as braids

SAGE COLOR AND OLD PINK.

simply, but their use for applique and their combination with long and short stitch are both new and immensely effective.

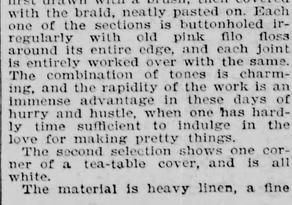
The work is simple in the extreme and requires no knowledge beyond that which every woman has. The secret of success lies in the design and in the selection of colors. If you are careful that both of these are good, the rest will surely follow, and you may be assured of success.

The cushion shown in the first drawing is excellent as a model, and can either be exactly copied or modified to suit your needs.

The original has just been completed by a clever woman, who makes all her own designs. The foundation is pale, sage-colored furniture sateen. The central figure is worked in long and short stitch with old pink Turkish floss, and the center is filled with fancy stitches of the same. The antennae-like lines that run from it were first drawn with a brush, then covered with the braid, neatly pasted on. Each one of the sections is buttonholed irregularly with old pink filo floss around its entire edge, and each joint is entirely worked over with the same. The combination of tones is charming, and the rapidity of the work is an immense advantage in these days of hurry and hustle, when one has hardly time sufficient to indulge in the love for making pretty things.

The second selection shows one corner of a tea-table cover, and is all white.

The material is heavy linen, a fine



A TABLE COVER IN PURE WHITE.

quality of what is known as "butcher's linen," and all the work is done with white silk. The large figures in the corners are purely conventional, and are worked with heavy silk. The braid is put on precisely as already described, but with white in place of colored floss.

The edge of the cloth is finished with a wide hem, simply hemstitched, and the whole has the rare merit of laundering perfectly and without need of special care.

Beautiful as colored embroidery unquestionably is, it has the disadvantage of requiring the greatest care. Even the wonderful wash dyes must be treated with respect; and as every housekeeper knows, it is difficult to remove tea and coffee stains without hotter water and more soap then they allow. The pure white covers are therefore, steadily growing in favor, and as this one has the merit of being effective without being exacting, it deserves a hearty recognition from all busy women folk.

Incorrigible.

"Yes," said the young man with plaid trousers and a big watch chain, "I must confess that I am deficient in musical taste."

"Perhaps the modern music bores you," said the pleasant young woman. "It does many people, you know."

"Yes. I don't care for modern music. There is one thing about the old songs that I like very much."

"What is that?"

"The fact that nobody sings them."—Washington Star.

MARY A. TUPPER

IN A WOMAN'S PRISON.

Restored to Her Husband at Wilton, Me., After Months of Suffering.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Women's prisons are not always built of iron bars and solid masonry. It is easy to shut women up from the beautiful, joyous world without these means.

Mrs. Mary A. Tupper has been released at Wilton, Me., from the custody of extreme female weakness and nervousness which kept her a prisoner in bed, unable to walk.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound went to the root of her trouble, and gave her the liberty of health, so that after taking two bottles she was able to go out of doors and surprise her husband and friends by her rapid improvement.

She says: "Women should beware of dizziness, sudden faintness, backache, extreme lassitude and depression. They are danger signals of female weakness, or some derangement of the uterus or womb. Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and be thankful for your life as I am. It only costs a dollar to try it, and the result is worth millions. Ask some druggist about it."

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

A Plea for the G. A. R.

Editor Camp Fire:—Wishing to keep the Camp Fire burning, I will take this opportunity of addressing the comrades. There is no calling where the old saying of "practice makes perfect" is more applicable than in war. After all that has been written on this subject—the minute details of battle, camp life, marches, and guard duty, there are none that can comprehend or have a very clear idea of it till they have had actual experience. And to illustrate this point, allow me to tell of a little expedition that has never been in print. During the early stage of the late war word was sent from Gallipolis, O., out through the country that the rebels were coming down the Kanawha river with the intention of crossing the Ohio and burning Gallipolis, and they (the citizens) wanted volunteers to help defend the city.

Among the few who responded to the call were two brothers and a cousin of theirs who lived about sixteen miles away, who thought it would not do to let their county seat be taken if they could help it; so they armed themselves by one borrowing his grandfather's old flint-lock rifle that had been known frequently to snap a dozen times before it would go off; another one borrowed a bird rifle of one of the neighbors, and the third one taking his old gun that was so badly worn that the lock would fall out every time it was fired, and after laying in a good supply of ammunition we started for Gallipolis. Arriving there we found some of the citizens a little excited about the rumor, while others did not seem to know or care much about it. So, after going to the bank of the river and taking a good look across to see that there were no armed rebels there, we went to the fair grounds and stayed over night with the Twenty-first Ohio regiment (three months men), that was camped there, and then returned home feeling disappointed in not getting to win any laurels or prove our skill in war. This was our idea of war at that time, but we enlisted in the three years' service soon after that, and served in the Thirty-sixth Ohio regiment, where we learned by experience that war is no mere pastime, and can not be carried on successfully with pop-guns and worn-out rifles, and we had a good deal of sport in after years over our trip to Gallipolis, and what we would have done in case of an engagement, for we learned something of the necessity of preparation for war in the tedious drill, wearisome march, lonely guard duty, and rough life in camp, and something of its dread reality on the bloody fields of South Mountain, Antietam, Chickamauga (where the cousin was missing and never heard from again), Mission Ridge (where the brothers fell wounded, one through the thigh, which disabled him for life, but is now living in Idaho; and the other on the head, but recovered sufficiently to re-enlist and go with the expeditions to Doublin Depot and Lynchburg and through about all the battles in the valley under Sheridan, towards the close of the war, and is now living in Jackson county, West Virginia, and trying to write this article for your good amusement).

And now, comrades, in conclusion, let me urge you to meet with the boys who have had experience that no one can have who has not been in the army. Thus encourage them in their declining years, and keep up the organization of the G. A. R., so that we will be ready to make arrangements for decorations, reunions, encampments, and work together for the good of the ex-soldiers, for without organization all would be confusion and discord.—J. P., ex-Corp. Co. B, 36th O. V. V. I., Crow Summit, W. Va.

Down in Missouri.

Editor Camp Fire:—Sitting around nursing myself I will throw on a few chips to keep up a light. My experience as a soldier commenced in August, 1862, at Springfield, Mo., in Co. I, afterwards Co. A, 1st Mo. Cav. After several skirmishes and some experience in soldiering, on December 4 we started from Springfield, Mo., under Gen. Herron, between 8,000 and 10,000 strong, to reinforce Gen. Blount then at Boonsburough, or better known as Kane Hill, Ark. After marching 90 miles, we arrived at Fayettsville on the 6th, and on the 7th resumed our march and 40 miles, and there and then we met the 1st Ark. Cav. cut up badly and scared worse, but no one blamed them, for Hindman's whole cavalry division run onto them while in camp, and not thinking of the enemy prowling around in the rear of Blunt, they were taken by surprise. Our regiment, under Major Hubbard dashed up, in order to stop the onslaught of the rebs, and there they got our major and 27 men and sent the remainder of the regiment whirling back with the Arkansas boys, and was finally checked by an infantry regiment wheeling in line behind a fence and belching forth the deadly minnie balls into them; then it was both sides fixed for the struggle.

After some delay we started in line of battle and proceeded thus until we crossed the Illinois river, and up at the hill about one-half mile we could see them making preparations to give us a warm reception. So after some time we started up. Just wait a minute, and let me tell you where I was. I was detailed as orderly for Col. Burtrum, a brigade commander, and as brave a man as ever wore shoulder-straps, and his brigade as good as he was. He was colonel of the 2nd Wisconsin and brigade with the 18th Iowa, 33d and 94th Illinois. The 33d was on the right next to the road, 20th on left next, 18th Iowa next to orchard. How those three regiments did suffer!

The 94th was still extended to the left, and escaped the hardest of the fight, but by no means were they idle; they lost considerable, while the other three regiments were severely cut up, and were driven off the hill four times, and as many times did they go back. They held their ground up to 4 o'clock, then it was that Gen. Blunt made his appearance with about 12,000 men, and I don't think that there ever was a hotter fight during the war than that was from 4 o'clock until 8 at night, and after firing ceased, the boys fell back about 200 yards, and slept on their arms in the cold frost, and next morning were ready to go over the ground again under the same fire. The old colonel had two horses killed while he was on them, one shot down twice, but rose the first time, and the blessed old colonel climbed upon him, to go down again, and that time a ball struck him on the thigh, and bruised a place as large as a man's hand.

The rest of the field was as hotly contested as our side, but we could not see them, but next day as we rode over the ground, the poor boys lay there to prove the work that they had done. I have read several accounts of this battle, and they have varied considerably. It has been my opinion ever since the fight that the two armies were about equal, and about 21,000 each, and that the losses were about the same, 1,500 each killed, and twice that number wounded.

Mr. Editor, I write this to draw out some of the brave boys to write up their experiences in that battle. My recollection is dimmed some, it's been so long, but I believe the 26th Wis. lost 247 killed and wounded. Will some one who knows give us the amount. I have never read nor heard from one of the regiments since the war closed. It seems to me that the old boys are yet able to carry a few chunks.—W. G. Etter, Co. A, 1st Mo. Cav.

An Incident of the War.

Sometime, early in the year 1863, as my memory serves me, I think it was in the month of January, while on picket duty near Winchester, in the lower part of the Shenandoah valley, the first incident connected with this interesting and pathetic story occurred. I was standing in a clump of trees and bushes near the bank of the Opequan creek, beside my horse, carbine in readiness for any alarm, when I heard a faint halloo from another clump of bushes not far distant in my front. I was at once on the qui vive for business. It was a clear, cold morning, the air crisp and fine, and I listened intently, watching closely the bushes in front of me about a hundred yards away, for we knew that the Union pickets were in close proximity to us in our front.

Again came the halloo, and cautiously, from under the shadow of the trees, came three men, seemingly without arms, dressed in what afterwards proved to be a mixed uniform of blue and gray. Seeing them without arms and one of them waving a white handkerchief or rag (there were no handkerchiefs in the army—at least in ours—at that time, but the piece of white material was sufficient evidence to my mind that they wished to come over), I ordered them to do so, one at a time.

After a short talk with them I found them to be deserters from the Union cavalry, who stated that they were tired of the war, "fighting for the niggers," etc., and wished to be sent to Richmond. I was very much taken with the spokesman of the party, who was a good-looking and very intelligent young man about 22 or 23 years of age, with bright eyes and face. I finally concluded to take them into camp headquarters, then about two miles away.

When confronted by our major, Harry Gilmor, of the Second Maryland cavalry, he questioned them sharply and closely, and finally concluded to send them up the valley to Staunton and turn them over to Col. J. Q. C. Naidenbush, who was at that time provost marshal of that place. The men were then placed under guard for the night.

Just at that time I was expecting a short furlough, or "horse detail." I obtained it and started for home in Hanover county, Virginia, near Old Church—about sixteen miles from Richmond—with the three prisoners in my charge. We were soon on our way next morning, after an early and not very elaborate menu of rancid bacon and corn pone, with coffee made from roasted acorns. (Don't smile; this was a good breakfast compared to some we had.)

We were soon off, the stage rattling up the pike containing at least two hearts filled with buoyancy, for my companion (as I had learned to call the spokesman formerly alluded to) was an exceedingly congenial and companionable fellow, who, by his engaging manner and his pleasant conversational powers soon ingratiated himself into my good opinion, and we felt as if we were old college chums who had met again after a long separation. How little did I think then that my congenial companion was one of the most famous and daring young cavalry officers of the Union army, who was in our lines on one of the most dangerous and hazardous errands a soldier could be engaged!

To shorten my story, my companion accompanied me to my home. I had formed such an attachment for him that I felt loath to part with him, and I extended the invitation, which was at once accepted. We reached home the next morning, and I feel sure that he never forgot the cordial and home-like reception accorded him in that old Virginia farm-house. Lieut. Murray (his assumed name) soon endeared himself to us all—mother, father and three brothers—as he had already to myself, and joined heartily in the sociabilities of the neighborhood, visiting with me wherever I went, and being a brilliant talker with gentlemanly manners, he always found a welcome. I had noticed that on several occasions when dancing was enjoyed, he always declined. How vividly I could recall and remember a short time later why he did not, and why he would not share my room with me, and on one bracing morning refused to accept my banter for a short race up the lane! I did not know then that the poor fellow had but one foot, the other being a splendid imitation made of ivory.

Suddenly he disappeared. Just after he disappeared Gen. Kilpatrick made a raid through our neighborhood, and again, strange to relate, our farm was not visited or disturbed, and after events assured me that this immunity was due to my companion, "Lieut. Murray;" also that his visits to Old Church, which was on the main road to the peninsula, and the route Gen. Kilpatrick was supposed to take, were for the purpose of holding communication with him, by signals or otherwise.

A few days after "Lieut. Murray," who was none other than Col. Dahlgren, of the Federal army, was killed near Richmond, during an attack made on him by Capt. Pollard. His body was captured, and was recognized by members of my family, and by others. To me his death was a personal loss.—Thad J. Walker, 2d Maryland Cavalry, in Blue and Gray.

Frequent Onslaughts

On the delicate membrane of the bowels and stomach with drastic purgatives must have their natural consequence—to weaken and disable both organs. Nature exacts severe penalties for infringements of her laws, and there is no more glaring one than that which consists in flooding the intestines with a dose of with violent cathartics. This is, however, the course pursued by many unwise people who seem to think that the bowels, unless constantly relaxed, are in a healthy state. When a cathartic is really needed, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the safest and most thorough. It neither gripes nor operates violently or excessively. It invigorates the intestines and stomach, and arouses the liver. Regularity and vigor are guaranteed by its use. Sleep promoted, appetite restored, are among its benign effects. A tendency to rheumatism and kidney trouble is nullified by it, and it completely eradicates malarial complaints.

HE WAS QUALIFIED.

How Mr. Davis Came to Sit in Judgment on Buffalo Bill.

Buffalo Bill once gave a show in Carson City, Nev., and on the opening night the house was packed to the doors. The audience, however, went away dissatisfied because Mr. Cody himself did not appear. The celebrated cowboy, when the time came for him to startle the audience with his deeds of daring, was not to be found. So the good people of Carson dubbed the show a "fake," and after the first night only a few attended. Charles E. Locke, the manager of the show, brought a suit against Buffalo Bill to recover damages. It caused a great sensation in Carson, for the residents of that town knew very little of the merits of Thespians of any kind, and there were few, if any, who could honestly tell whether or not it was a gratifying to the audience for an intoxicated actor to appear on the stage and make a fool of himself, or remain behind the scenes in the arms of Morpheus. The judge of the court did not like to decide the case between Messrs. Locke and Cody, and it was impossible to find a jury with sufficient intelligence to understand the matter. Finally it was agreed to let Sam Davis decide the case. So the sagebush humorist was brought before the tribunal, and was closely questioned by the judge, who wanted to see how much Mr. Davis knew about the drama.

"Have you ever been in a theater, Mr. Davis?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think that you can tell the difference between a man who is intoxicated and a man who is sober?"

"Most assuredly," answered Mr. Davis.

"Did you ever hear of a theater where the play drew largely on the first night, and continued to draw largely during the run of the play?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In London. It was a tragedy."

"Who wrote it?"

"William Shakespeare."

"Now, Mr. Davis, did you ever hear of a theater where the play drew largely on the first night, and only eight or ten people on every night thereafter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In London. It was a tragedy also."

"And who wrote that tragedy?"

"I did."

Mr. Davis was unanimously selected to decide the suit, which he did in favor of Buffalo Bill.—San Francisco News Letter.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The Sunday School.

The Woes of the Drunkard.

LESSON XII., JUNE 17, 1894.

Golden Text: Look not upon the wine when it is red.—Prov. 23:31.

LESSON TEXT.

(Prov. 23:29-35.)

29. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

30. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

32. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

34. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

35. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

Illustrative Applications.

Who hath Oh! who hath Alas! (v. 29). Whether a man has much or little, he is likely to wish he had more, or to wish he had less, and to cry out over his possessings or his lack. And a man's troubles are quite as commonly a result of his having what he has no need of, as of his not having what he wishes for. It is well that the Bible tells us what to let alone, as well as what to reach out after, if we would be kept from crying out "Oh!" and "Alas!" It would be still better if we were ready to heed the Bible teachings on this point.

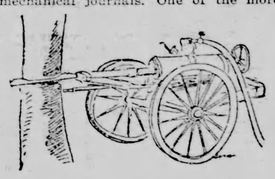
They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek out mixed wine (v. 30). There are a great many people who cry "Oh!" and "Alas!" because they cannot afford to spend as much money for wines, as they would like to. Even in the face of all the Bible has to say on this subject, and of all that the experience of the world and their own observation teaches them, they are ready to brave all the dangers of wine-drinking, and to run the risk of saying "Oh!" and "Alas!" in consequence of their having wine and drinking wine. It is not for lack of Bible warnings that men multiply sorrows to themselves by wine-drinking.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup (v. 31). There is no sin in mere looking at wine, nor is it only the red wine that is harmful. Looking at red wines may be wise and right, in order to warn others against the article looked at. And drinking wine, red or white, with the eyes shut, may be more harmful than looking at it without dringing. It doesn't help matters to drink from the bottle instead of from the cup. Taking Bible words in dead literalness may be destructive of the spirit of the Bible teachings. But while these words do not mean precisely what they say, they do mean precisely what they mean, and it is evident from the words as they stand that wine is a very good thing—to let alone.

When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again (v. 35). If a man were never likely to commit a folly or a sin that he had already learned by experience was harmful to him, a great deal of the misconduct of the world would be avoided. But it is a great deal easier to commit the second theft than the first, to continue lying than to begin it, to drink more than one ought to than to start in the line of drinking. It is not enough to learn by experience that there are evil results from evil doing. It is the wrongs that we know are wrongs from having done them ourselves that we are likeliest to do over again. The safest way to keep clear of being drunk over and over again is not to drink anything that can intoxicate at any time.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Steam Tree-Felling.

Tree-felling by means other than manual labor has been an engaging subject to many inventors, and in time past a more or less interesting array of appliances designed to accomplish it has been paraded before the readers of mechanical journals. One of the more



TREE-FELLING MACHINE.

recent of these machines, brought out in England by Allen Ransome, of Chelsea, reminds one very much, in appearance, of the now so familiar rock drill, the drill proper, of course, being supplanted by a reciprocating saw blade, substantially in the manner shown in the accompanying sketch. The piston to which the saw blade is attached works in a cylinder of small diameter but rather long stroke, pivotally supported on a pair of wheels, so that the whole arrangement is readily portable. Steam is intended to be supplied to the machine from a portable boiler through a long steam hose, so that the boiler can remain in one place until the machine has felled all the trees within a considerable circle around it, the space cleared, of course, depending upon the length of the hose. Cutting down a tree, however, is not the only function to which the machine is limited. By partially rotating it on its axis the saw can be set to cut in a vertical direction, or at any angle between the horizontal and vertical positions, so that, after having been felled, a tree may be quickly cut up into desired lengths. It generally happens that when a large tree falls it does not lie flat, as its branches hold the upper part of its trunk from the ground, and in order to squarely cross-cut trees lying in such a position, it is necessary to lift the saw somewhat from a vertical line. This is readily done by the adjusting capacity just mentioned.

FOR SEASICKNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. FOURNESS-BRICE, of S. S. Teutonic, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases, prevent seasickness.

It Was There.

Terrence stood in the Union station waiting for the Medford train. The busy doors were swinging in and out, and the people were bustling to the long and crowded trains. Suddenly a nervous man, with a natty grip and an Easter lily, rushed in. He looked round in a dazed way, while the lily swayed with sympathetic emotion, and at last he spied Terence. He took the Irishman by the arm.

"I say, my friend," and he pointed across the room, "is that clock right over there?"

Terence gazed at the wall, and dodging the lily turned round with a look of pity on his ruddy face.

"Begorra, an' it ain't nowhere else, sorr."—Boston Budget.

Not Worthy of Him.

She—"It cannot be—I am not worthy of you."

He—"Nonsense!"

"It is true, too true."

"Impossible. You are an angel."

"No, no; you are wrong. I am an idle, silly girl, utterly unfit to become your companion through life."

"This is madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A careful, calculating, practical woman, who can live on your small salary."—New York Weekly.

When the Lips of Beauty

Are parted in a smile, they disclose a row of pearls rivaling in purity those which the diver brings up from the bottom of the Persian Sea. What will best preserve these gems of the mouth? SOZODONT, the celebrated beautifier and preservative of the teeth.

A Steady Young Man.

"I fear our new bookkeeper is not so steady as he ought to be," said the senior partner.

"Don't know about that," replied the junior partner. "He was out with a party of us the other night, and when the session was over he was the only one that didn't wabble a bit."—New York Mercury.

Her Competent Part.

Miss Birdling—"Did you hear that Miss Jangle is going to give a topsy-turvy party? And it will be great fun."

Edith—"I never heard of such a thing. What is it?

Miss Birdling—"Every one will take part in something they know nothing about. Now tell me what to do."

Edith—"Sing, dear, sing."

The Notable Success

achieved by our wheels has been made possible by the perfectly complete facilities afforded by our great manufacturing establishment located at Hartford, Conn. This plant is equipped with the most advanced machinery for the performing of every detail of the work of converting the raw materials into the finished product by the most approved methods, and in the process of construction

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HIS FRIEND THE PROMOTER.

The Secret of a Railroad Man's Astonishing Luck at Draw Poker.

Several weeks ago a prominent railroad official made the acquaintance of an affable, suave, and refined young man, who announced that his business was that of a promoter, and that he represented an Eastern syndicate, which would likely invest several millions in a manufacturing enterprise in Chicago, says the Mail. The railroad official was much taken with his new acquaintance. He invited him to dinner, took him to his club, and in a general way made much of him. And so it naturally happened that when the railroad official was invited to sit into a poker game in one of the guest rooms at the Auditorium a few night since he brought the promoter along.

"I don't know much about the game," said the promotor, as he took his seat and picked up his first hand, "but, of course, the stakes won't be high, and I'm ready to be agreeable."

The game progressed without unusual incident for quite a while, but it was noticed that the railway official won from the first, and won steadily. As for the promoter, he just about held his own, and appeared to be nothing more than a commonplace player. The railway man had never been very lucky, as a rule, but on this evening the fickle goddess seemed to be fairly showering him with her favors. He held all sorts of big hands—threes, flushes, and full hands actually overwhelmed him; and the best of it was that he always opposed a good hand—good ordinarily, but not good enough to beat his. Soon his checks were piled "higher than a cat's back," as the saying goes. The others were drawing bill after bill from their rolls, and were getting vexed. But the promoter sat there calm and unperturbed. He was just about holding his own.

Finally, after a particularly decisive hand had been played and the railroad man had taken in a pot exceeding richness the others concluded his luck was too much for them, cashed in their few remaining checks, and quit the game.

Half an hour later, as the railway man and the promoter were drinking a cold bottle in a quiet little cafe, the latter naively suggested that it was time to "run the coin."

"What do you mean?" asked the official.

"Why, I want my piece," was the reply. "Didn't you know I was working? Didn't I give you the hunch? Do you suppose all those big 'mitts' dropped into you like angels from the skies?"

The railway man at last became aware of the situation. The promoter had dealt out the big hands on which he had won the money, and now wanted his share of the unfair winning. And he rather resented the insult of those fellows who wouldn't cheat himself or be a party to cheating. He was exceedingly angered. He refused point blank to divide, told the "promoter" their acquaintance was at an end, and hurrying to the club found his friends, who were still discussing his wonderful luck and were strongly suspicious they had been put up against the worst of it. Without attempting any explanation, the railway man asked each how much he had lost, and then proceeded to count out the amounts. When he had evened up all around, he ordered a cold bottle and proceeded to explain all, making the most profuse apologies for having been the unwilling stoolpigeon of a card sharp.

It is needless to say that the "promoter" is now "promoting" in other localities.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure. If you want to quit and can't use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cures guaranteed or money refunded. Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., box 82, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

BRILLIANTS.

He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
—Bunyan.

My thoughts are playing hide and seek,
This pleasant summer day;
Intent on work I cannot keep,
I follow where they play.

So close upon their trail I keep,
With hunter's instinct true,
I find at once the rogues I seek;
Their hiding-place is—you.
—Anna J. Hamilton.

O Spirit of the Spring, delay, delay!
Be chary of thy gifts; by slow degrees
Roll back the leafy tide on forest trees;
And in all fields keep thou a jealous sway.
Lest the low grass break into sudden spray,
And clover toss its purples on the breeze.
Bind fast those lily-buds, that prying bees
Shall have no entrance, murmur as they may.
—Edith M. Thomas.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweet compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your close,
And all must die.
—George Herbert.

The year 's at the spring,
The day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hillside 's dew-pearled;
The lake's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in his heaven—
All 's right with the world!
—Robert Browning.

For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow; and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop; the golden bee
Is lily-cradled; I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love.
—Tennyson.

Strive for the right and peace is given.
Wrong shall not prosper long or well;
Bear defeat and death for heaven,
Than victory on the side of hell.
—James Bartlett Wiggin.

A Dream of Wealth.

His beard was very shaggy; his clothes were very old and his air was that of a discouraged man.

"Mister," said he, "if somebody'd give me ten cents I'd have just three dollars even."

"Indeed?"

"Yessir. It has taken me three weeks of economy to get that two dollars and ninety cents together. But I am now on the verge of realizing the one great ambition of my declining years."

"What's that?"

"I've been poor all my life, and yet I have always hungered for the sensation of riches. As soon as some kind-hearted man gives me ten cents I'm going to take my three dollars and mingle with Coxey's army and feel like a capitalist."—Washington Star.

Doing Good by Stealth.

Missionary—The money which you have given to the cause will be like bread cast upon the water.

Drummer—Oh, that's all right. I shall charge it in my expenses.—Boston Transcript.

A Sure Test.

Madge—"What makes you think she is simple in her tastes when you don't know her?"

Myrtle—"I've seen the man she's going to marry."—New York Daily America.

MY LADY'S FAN IN 1894.

It Follows the Court Style of Louis XIV.'s Time.

There is no end to the variety of fans for the summer, and they are as exquisite and dainty as they needs must be to harmonize with this season's gowns.

Quite the latest thing is an imitation of some old French fan. Many of these are no trifles to be broken and thrown carelessly aside, for it takes an artist to make an exact copy of one of these elaborate affairs carried by a grand dame at the court of Louis XIV. and such work brings a goodly

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1894.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

IT'S A REGULAR BOOM.

We asked our friends to mail us their first clubs on June 1 or 2, and Monday's mail of this week brought us an avalanche of them. Counting the mail received on that day, together with some earlier clubs received during last week, and which we held over, it gave us, on the first day, 573 clubs, with a total of 12,258 three-months' subscriptions.

This is doing pretty well for a start. We calculate upon a large number of clubs every day, from now on, during the months of June and July; and we are prepared to take care of them as fast as they come in. We announced that we will practically give away 100,000 three-months' subscriptions during those two months. This will require 50,000 names a month. At the present ratio it seems that the whole 100,000 will come in during June. However, we shall take care of all that come to us, under that offer, which is described in another column, during June and July, even though the number be a quarter of a million.

Our generosity seems to be appreciated, as we get letters of commendation from every state and territory of the Union. We are glad to see large clubs, and many of them, coming from such states as Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, as it shows The Blade is appreciated in the South a well as in the North and West. Read carefully the premium announcement elsewhere on this page, giving full particulars; and any one, who has not received a coupon card will please send to us at once. We want every postoffice in the United States represented in this matter. From those who have already sent clubs, we hope to receive additional clubs at least once each week.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

Owing to the pressure of other matter on our columns this week, we postpone the fourth paper of the series entitled "The Foundations of Finance," until next week's paper.

FROTH FROM A FOOL.

Once the North grew red and angry when the ex-rebels made such speeches as several exponents of the "lost cause" poured out at Richmond on Memorial Day. Now the grizzled veteran only smiles, and the young man who has grown up since the war wonders at the fool and his froth. Such a fool is General Thomas L. Rosser, who broke out in a mad howl of impotent rage at Richmond, and though cheered by the crowd, he ought to be the recipient of Northern pity for his condition. Among other things he said:

> The great principles for which we fought have been dishonored, but they are not dead. (Voice from the crowd, 'Not a bit of it.') We are now only an ambulance corps. But we are here to-day to do honor to the men who fell, for we love their memories as we love our God. The men who overrun us remind me of the locusts which are now infesting portions of this state. They couldn't whip us, but they devoured our substance. The army that devoured us was an army of substitutes. We filled all the substitutes, and the men whom they represented stopped at home and made money and now draw pensions.
>
> I despise the man who gives United States money to a pensioner. The country can't stand when it makes one citizen support another. I shall never vote for a congressman who is in favor of government pensions. I would say to Massachusetts, you pay your pensioners as Virginia pays hers.

Gen. Rosser then went on to say that the G. A. R. was banded together to get pensions, and if he had been at Birmingham, he would have voted against the proposition to invite them to Atlanta. He didn't want them to come to Richmond.

Some time ago, he concluded, we unveiled a monument to the greatest general who ever lived. To-day we unveil a monument to the greatest private soldier that ever lived, and in time we will unveil a monument to the President of the Confederacy. But we are mocked at the North, and will live to see the Yankee army march again through the South and pull down our monuments. I don't know what sort of stuff the rising generation are made of but if you and I are living there will be bloodshed when that is done.

What a pity that Hoke Smith could not have been there and given Rosser an opportunity to call attention to the secretary's able efforts in the line laid out by the frothy orator. Another speaker, Rev. R. C. Cave, followed Rosser in about the same strain.

But let us laugh at the fools. While they talk the New South is living, and growing. It has a future as far from Rosser and Cave as they are from the sentiment of the North. Industry has conquered slavery. Industry has laid the Confederacy in her grave forever. The hollow cries from the tombs of a bygone age will bring forth none of the bones of secession. The voice of Rosser is the mocking echo from a graveyard of the past, where resurrection has no place.

That town of El Paso, down in Texas, is quite prudish. The authorities there have just prohibited women from wearing divided skirts in public. Several years ago they put the "Mother Hubbard" dress under the ban. What the strenuously virtuous city fathers of El Paso would do should a lady appear on a bicycle in bloomers, must be left to the imagination.

During the fiscal year which ends June 30, the Philadelphia mint will have coined about $80,000,000 in gold, which is vastly greater than the ordinary yearly output. All the mints are running full time on gold to meet the demands of the Treasury, which in turn has to meet the demand for gold for export.

Somehow they have characteristic names out in Kansas. A man named Bray is a Populist Congressional candidate in that state, and a Mrs. Catt is a new woman suffragist orator. There's no danger of Kansas losing her; she'll come back.

Oregon has been troubled with floods, but not enough to stop the people from voting the Republican ticket.

FIGHTING THE DEVIL WITH FIRE

If the report of the intentions of the temperance element in the city of Haverhill, Massachusetts, be correct, they propose "fighting the devil with fire"—defeating the money-making power of the saloon by means of the saloon. The facts of the case are that the recent municipal election in that city resulted in a decisive defeat of the temperance people, with the result that the licensing of saloons began, and within two days twenty-six drinking places sprung into a flourishing existence.

The temperance element of the city recognize that this was done in the hope of making money. If a plan could be devised to prevent them from realizing any profit—of reducing their revenue below their expenses—they would close up. Hence they have arranged to go into the saloon business on their own account. They propose selling the best liquors at cost, and thus kill off the twenty-six new saloons, the most of which are mere doggeries.

No attempt will be made to make money, and if whisky of a sufficiently satisfactory grade can be purchased for 5 cents a glass the new saloon will sell it for that. Beer will be sold for two cents. The theory is that in the face of the superior attractions and extremely low rates of the new saloon the other 26 liquor venders will lose all their trade and be compelled to surrender their $2,000 licenses. Then the temperance people will close their own rum-shop, remaining ready to open it again in case their opponents attempt to begin anew.

We doubt if the experiment will prove a beneficial one. The first result will be to attract every man who drinks from not only Haverhill but the entire surrounding country. It may close the other saloons, but it will be by making liquor-drinking both cheap and attractive. And when they close their rum-palace, there will be an increase over the present in the amount of clandestine liquor consumed, and probably an increase in the number of confirmed drinkers in the town. If Haverhill is made the cheapest place in the world in which to get drunk, the new saloon will be the immediate cause of a necessary increase of the Haverhill police force, and of the city prison and workhouse accommodations, which will be liable to cause a sharp growl from the taxpayers.

It would have been far better to have joined in the effort now making in that state, by the true friends of temperance, to get a law passed allowing the towns of the state which may wish to adapt the Gothenburg system. This eliminates the element of money-making from the saloon, and strips it of all its social features. It prevents treating and indiscriminate drinking, and is, we believe, one of the most promising methods yet devised to curb the saloon and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE DINNER PAIL.

The dinner pail has long been a subject of great solicitude to our friends, the enemy. The Democratic orators frothed and fumed in 1892, declaring that the price of the dinner pail would be largely increased, and the poor man robbed, by the McKinley duty on tin. Every voter will remember that these orators said this, also that the American people 'can't make tin.' But what are the facts about the dinner pail, which give a fair sample of what has taken place regarding all articles of tinware? Does the dinner pail cost more now than it did before the McKinley bill was enacted? No, it costs less. The increased duty on tin stimulated Americans to manufacture tin. They erected manufacturing plants, and to-day the dinner pail is not only made of American tin, but within the past two years has declined in price $5 per gross at the factory. To-day a full-sized dinner pail is retailed in Toledo for 30 cents that only a few years ago was retailed for 50 to 60 cents. Another important fact is that the dinner pail of to-day is made by good American labor while the tin in the dinner pail, previous to the enactment of the McKinley law, was amde in England and it wes poor coke tin at that. So much for the lying prophecy of the Democrats about the increased cost of the dinner pail.

It is not the cost of his dinner pail that worries the laboring man to-day, but rather that he has so little use for it and finds it hard to get anything to put in it. There is no doubt, had the Republican party been kept in power in 1892, that the new tin industry of this country would by this time have so increased as to wholly supply the American market. No laboring man can afford to be a Democrat. Men who labor, either with hand or brain, should ally themselves to the party which advocates work for Americans at good wages; which believes in the United States, its people and its flag, first, last and forever; the party which has the foresight and the ability to so legislate that the dinner pail should not only be made in this country, but that the laboring man shall have daily use for it and thus earn the means to have it abundantly filled with good food for his dinner. Let us get back to the good old Republican times when men carried their dinner pails every day to their work and when we had peace and plenty. This fall we vote for Representatives of the Fifty-fourth Congress. Let all the sons of toil, in whatever field they labor, see to it that not a single Democrat goes to Congress from the state of Ohio. That is the first thing we have to do to bring back the good times to the nation.

The monthly Treasury statement does not make pleasant reading. The loss of gold during May has been large, the decrease in the cash balance uncomfortable and the net increase in the debt not small. The Treasury authorities make an obvious effort in the statement to give as reassuring an appearance as possible to the facts of the situation, and profess to believe that another bond issue is not near at hand. But there is no escaping the plain meaning of figures, and whether or not the government will presently have to borrow money to pay its current bills depends on contingencies over which Mr. Carlisle and his subordinates have no apparent control.

The Democrats can no longer claim Jefferson as the father of their party. Were he alive to-day he would be a Republican. He believed in protection, and he was opposed to an income tax. The latter-day Democrats oppose protection and believe in an income tax.

Gen. Rosser, who made the rebel speech at Richmond, is the Confederate who fled so precipitately before an old school-mate, Phil Sheridan, in the Cedar Creek campaign. Gen. Rosser is a fighter—with his mouth

THE BIMETALLISM OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The Blade has always been a bimetallist in belief. It does not agree with gold monometallism any more than it does with silver monometallism. It believes that the heart of the silver question to-day is the matter of the ratio, and that this is the subject which should engross public attention until it is settled by proper Congressional legislation.

Several weeks ago the Weekly Blade published a series of articles on "The Bimetallism of the Constitution," in which we in substance, took the following position:

In 1792, our first coinage law was passed. It established a coinage ratio of 15 1-2 of silver to 1 of gold. Why? Because, at that time, this was the exact relation of the market values of the two metals as bullion.

That ratio existed, until 1834, when the coinage law was so amended as to make the coinage ratio 16 to 1. Why? Because the market values of the two metals had by that time changed so that one ounce of gold would buy just as much as 16 ounces of silver.

Note this fact: That Congress recognized the basic fact that a coin, to have unlimited legal tender powers and free coinage, must contain its face value in bullion.

Since the change of the coinage ratio in 1834, the price of silver has fallen much lower. The ratio of 16 to 1 no longer expresses the true relation between the metals as bullion.

Why not change the ratio as it was changed in 1834, and adhere to the principle of the law framed in 1792, by the fathers who framed the constitution, and make the coinage ratio express the market ratio?

This done, there is no obstacle whatever to the free coinage of silver, for there would be no danger of dropping to silver monometallism, and a dollar with only about half the purchasing power of the present dollar.

We believe that Congress should promptly consider how best to frame a bill, to be enacted into law, which would—

First—Put a dollar's worth of bullion into both dollars, gold and silver.

Second—Admit both metals to full coinage on equal terms;

Third—Coin all of both metals that shall be offered by citizens of the United States.

We asked for an expression of opinion as to this plan from the readers of the Weekly Blade, by postal cards. In response, we have received 625 answers. The nature of these replies was as follows:

Unreservedly in favor of the plan	465
In favor, by international ratio	8
Opposed to the plan	44
Opposed, believe in 16 to 1 ratio	96
Opposed, believe in gold monometallism	12

Which gives a total of 473 in favor to 152 against the plan. Many of those opposing the plan advanced objections thereto, the principal ones being:

First, that, under a ratio such as the present market ratio of the two metals, the silver dollar would be nearly double its present size, and hence too cumbrous for use;

Second, that the present silver dollars would not pass for a dollar side by side with the new and larger coin;

Third, that the price of silver is so variable that the parity of the silver with the gold dollar could not be maintained.

As to the first, it is an undoubted fact that the silver dollar would have to be made somewhat heavier; but it could be represented in circulation by silver certificates, as it is largely now, and this objection thus be removed.

As to the second, the present silver dollars would have to be made redeemable in the new issue, of course, which would cause them to pass current at par.

As to the third, a stable ratio could be obtained by international action. If all the commercial nations of the world would agree on a new coinage ratio for silver as compared with gold, and admit it to free coinage with full legal tender powers, it would no longer fluctuate in value through the variation in the commercial demand. It would be as stable in value as gold.

Of course, every one knows that silver would increase in price, should the great nations take it up as a full money metal. That it would rise to $1.29 per ounce—the price at which the silver in the present standard dollar is worth $1—we do not believe possible. Probably the new ratio would have to be somewhere between 20 and 25 to 1. This would not make too large a coin for use, of course.

We repeat, the great mass of the people of the United States are bimetallists at heart. There are tens of thousands of them who, while they favor the full use of silver as a money metal, do not believe in its free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, because they have a well-grounded belief that we should drop to the silver standard, with evil results to our finances. The real question is not, "Shall silver be remonetized?" but, "At what ratio shall we remonetize silver?" And the discussion should begin along this line. That the country desires silver remonetized, does not admit of argument. The only question in debate is, on what terms?

A DREAM OF TYRANNY.

"Forced arbitration" of strikes is the merest bosh. Suppose the decision of the board of arbitration, in a given case, should be against the strikers; what power is there under the constitution to compel a man to work against his will, or for lower wages than he thinks right? There is none. The attempt to compel obedience on the part of the strikers would be grinding tyranny—a flagrant invasion of individual liberty. Per contra, on the other hand, suppose that the decision were against the employer, and at the rate of wages demanded he could make no profit, or possibly would have to meet a loss; it would be equally a flagrant violation of personal liberty to attempt to compel him to do so. United States courts have decided, in a railroad case, that receivers can not be compelled to pay wages that will result in loss; and the principle applies to all employers whatsoever.

There is but little hope of higher wheat prices the world over. An Odessa letter says Russia is overproducing wheat, and that, at present prices, not only wheat but barley and probably oats also are being sold at a loss to the producer. At Kieff, at present prices, the growers have lost on the last crop at the rate of 15s. 8 1-4d. on every acre of wheat. Last year's crop was the largest produced in Russia for many years, and the granaries and railway stations are full of cereal grains, of which only a very small quantity comparatively is being exported, and that chiefly grinding barley. Nothing but a heavy reduction in the world's production will bring the price of wheat up.

WHAT THE TARIFF QUESTION IS.

The tariff question is so often viewed as a strictly industrial and labor question that the voters are liable to forget or to overlook the fact that it involves a governmental business question. Let us look at it from that point of view.

In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891, the United States government expended a total of $365,775,905: for 1892, it spent $345,023,330; for 1893, it expended $383,477,945. Thus it is seen that the government must raise, each year, in same manner, an average of about $365,000,000; in other words, it costs about a million dollars a day to run the government of the United States.

Where does this money now come from? In other words, what are the sources of federal revenue?

The revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893, was from the following sources:

Customs duties (tariff)	$203,355,017
Internal revenue	160,296,130
Sales of public lands	3,182,090
Miscellaneous sources	18,253,398
Total revenue for the year	$385,818,629

It will be seen that the great bulk of the nation's revenues comes from two sources—the duties paid on imported goods, and from internal revenue taxation—which includes the United States tax on liquors, tobacco and cigars, and on oleomargarine. More than half its total revenue comes from duties on imported goods.

In view of these facts, the tariff question, so far as the government is concerned, resolves itself into this: If duties are reduced, or taken off entirely, the revenue will be reduced: the expenditures remain practically the same; what new source of revenue must we have, in order to raise enough money to pay federal expenses?

The Republican answer is, that all foreign products which, because of climate, etc., we can not produce, should come in free; that all other imports, of the same kind as we can or do produce enough for our own consumption, should pay a duty; that people who buy imported goods are able to pay the increased price due to the duty; and that all the manufactured necessaries of life can be obtained of American manufacture, which of course pay no duty.

The Democratic answer is somewhat mixed. But, taking the Senate tariff bill as the authoritative reply, it is, that the duties on some things (notably those produced down South) should be kept at the protective point, that all others should be reduced, and that the deficit in the revenues shall be made up by an income tax.

Meanwhile, the business of the country stands still while the politicians talk; thousands of workingmen are idle, and have no idea when they can find steady work. The problem is one of the voters must decide by their opinions, expressed at the polls, at the Congressional elections this year.

The workingmen must remember this: that a reduction of duties means larger imports of the same kind of things we produce here; and that every dollar's worth more bought abroad means a dollar's worth less manufactured here—hence less work or lower wages.

The people of the United States have to pay the expenses of the federal government. Shall it be paid by maintaining the protective tariff, or by taxing incomes, and leaving thousands of honest men without work?

THE SUGAR INVESTIGATION.

"Why call the newspaper men instead of the men themselves?" was the pertinent query of Senator Hill in the debate on his objection to the presentation of the whitewashing report of the sugar bribery investigating committee. The question was not answered, nor can it be except by admitting that the committee was disingenuous, and haled newspaper correspondents before it instead of the Senators who are alleged to have been concerned in the sugar deal. We have no sympathy with Hill's political beliefs, nor any admiration for his political methods; but in this matter he is clearly right, and the intelligent opinion of the nation will indorse him.

His view is that the committee having entered upon an investigation of the charges that attempts had been made to bribe Senators, that the Sugar trust made large contributions for political purposes, and that Senators had been speculating in Sugar stock, should call the Senators before it and examine them minutely, instead of endeavoring to compel correspondents, who furnished the story to their respective newspapers, to reveal their sources of information. The report of Senator Gray's committee asks the district attorney to proceed against these correspondents for refusing to answer on this point. Any such action will not clear Brice, Gorman, Caffery and the others of the speculative Senatorial coterie at the bar of public opinion. The evidence is in the tariff bill itself. The sugar schedule is so monstrous a piece of jobbery that any intelligent man may see, with half an eye, that there must be substantial backing for the stories of corruption.

Furthermore, the methods employed by Senator Gray's committee in conducting the investigation show clearly that it was controlled by the fear of finding the truth, lest it should work political harm to Democratic Senators. The farce was conducted behind closed doors, no effort was made to summon Havemeyer and his lobby agents and have them examined in public regarding their alleged dealings with the President, with Secretary Carlisle and with Senators. The investigation did not investigate, and the American people will not be so witless as to assume that there is nothing in the charges because a whitewashing committee found nothing and tried not to find anything.

The low price of wheat shows no feature of possible improvement. It is offered to Europe, by other countries than this, at prices which render competition impossible. On Friday last, Argentine wheat was offered in London, including cost, insurance and freight, at 54 cents. The world's stock of this cereal does not decrease enough to materially improve the outlook for holders. The new crop is near at hand, and there is nothing on which to base the hope of a rise. On the contrary, 50-cent wheat in Chicago is confidently predicted.

On Saturday Chicago dedicated the Field Columbian museum. It is already a most valuable art collection, many of the exhibits being notable ones at the World's Fair. Marshall Field is entitled to the gratitude, not only of Chicago but of the people of the whole West, for the princely gift which made this museum possible.

$1,000 IN PREMIUMS!

To be Given to Friends of the Weekly Blade who Will Assist us to GIVE AWAY 100,000 Three Months' Subscriptions During June and July.

Everybody knows the times are hard. Thousands and thousands of families in the country have been absolutely compelled to discontinue or cut down their supply of newspaper reading from lack of funds—many are unable this season to afford a single newspaper—and yet, never has there been a time in the history of our country when a newspaper was more important to the living masses. Every day has brought and will continue to bring forth new situations and events, and who cares in this age to live in the dark?

Just so certain as the times are now discouraging, an era of prosperity is sure to follow. We may be mistaken, but we firmly believe that the Toledo Weekly Blade is the best newspaper published for the masses, and we have an idea that if we can nominally give away 100,000 three months subscriptions now, to those who appreciate a good family newspaper, a large percentage will become our regular patrons upon the return of better times. Hence this bold and remarkable proposition, expensive to us, but which we hope will be appreciated by at least 100,000 new readers.

The Coupon Card.

The offer below of one thousand dollars in premiums to friends of The Blade who will assist us to distribute the 100,000 subscriptions, is open to anybody who receives a COUPON CARD from us. All present subscribers, all postmasters and all applicants should have a coupon card before June 1. Any person interested, not receiving coupon card by June 1, will please write us for one. We mean to supply all, but some few may be accidentally overlooked.

The Premiums.

Last year we gave thirty-three premiums in June, and the same in July, worth $200. We design tais season's offer to be of much greater magnitude, and we therefore offer THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY premiums, worth $1,000.

First. To the person sending us during June the largest number addresses for the Weekly Blade three months, upon terms stated on our coupon card, we will give a first-class Family Sewing Machine worth $45.

Second. The same to person sending us the second largest number during June.

To the third largest during June, a Gents' Gold Hunting Case Watch worth $40.

To fourth largest, an open face Gold Watch worth $30.

To fifth largest, a Ladies' Gold Watch worth $25.

The next ten largest clubs in order, will each get a nickel case Elgin or Waltham Watch, worth $16 each.

The next ten largest clubs in order will each receive a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia.

The next ten largest clubs in order, each a dozen nickel teaspoons.

The next fifty in order, each a Columbian Souvenir Half Dollar—now very rare—worth at least one dollar each.

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the book "Navy in Exile."

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the "Nasby Letters" in book form.

The next twenty-five, each a paper cover novel.

Above enumerates 160 premiums, worth $500, to be awarded to the largest lists sent us in June. Take notice the same offer will be duplicated for the month of July, making a total of 320 premiums, worth $1,000. Practically, almost every competitor for premiums will win something. Of course, we expect clubs from thousands; many sending clubs just to favor the friends of their community, without expecting remuneration. We want every person who gets one of our coupon cards, or at least we want one person at every postoffice, to mail us a club of ten or more names on or about June 2. After sending one club, additional clubs will be easier to obtain, as by that time the wonderful cheapness of The Blade will be much talked about, and every family will want to come in. After sending a second club your chances are good for one of our premiums, and those who send above 100 names will be pretty close to one of the high premiums. Remember that the above 160 premiums are awarded, one each, to 160 persons sending the most names to us during the month of June, to be followed by a duplicate of the 160 premiums to those sending us the most names in July. This plan is all the more interesting because many who get premiums in June will be just as sure to get another in July, and many who fail to get a premium in June will know better how to make pretty sure for July.

As stated above, we shall practically give away these three months subscriptions. We will make a nominal charge of a trifle for each name (the prices will be stated on the coupon cards), the amount being barely sufficient to cover cost of mailing and premiums awarded for collecting the addresses—leaving us an expense of several thousand dollars for paper, postage and other details as our donation to those out of employment, and for other reasons embarrassed for want of reading matter in all parts of the United States.

Never was there a time so easy as now to take names for a good newspaper under such an arrangement as we offer, as never before were so many families without newspapers. While this offer is especially designed for the needy of every postoffice, it is also open to all. It will be possible under the liberal offer we propose to secure the name of every reading person at every postoffice that does not now take the Blade, whether they take other papers or none. In canvassing for new names, you can assure all that in addition to the regular good features of the Weekly Blade, they will also have the reading of an excellent serial story to begin in a few weeks, as announced in the Weekly Blade of May 3. Also say to them that before their time expires we will make another special announcement for the benefit of these special short time subscribers only, that will make them very glad they joined our ranks.

Instructions and Conditions.

Between now and June 1, we will mail every person interested a coupon card. Every person reading this announcement who does not get a coupon card by June 1, should write us at once, and one will be quickly mailed you. Also write for specimen copy or copies of the Weekly Blade to show while canvassing. Each card will give the nominal price you are to send us with each name, and also eight coupons. Four coupons, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 for June, and four coupons likewise for July use. It will be expected that you mail us your first club (at least ten names to each club) about June 2. Cut off June coupon No. 1 and enclose with your first club, (no matter how many names). You see these coupons are your authority for sending names at so low a price. Then follow with a second club and June coupon No. 2 as speedily as possible. We desire at least four clubs, using the four coupons, each month, but if more clubs are sent we will accept the additional ones without coupons, as after getting four clubs from you, we shall recognize your right to supplement them. Your last June, and last July club should be mailed not later than 28th day of the month, as we want to make up the awards on July 2, and August 1. Be sure to number the names of your lists from one up to whatever total number of names you send us, so that the number opposite the last name of your last June list will represent the total number of names you have sent. Commence with number 1 again on the first July list you send us. This will enable us to quickly make up the awards for June and July.

Each club should consist of not less than ten names, and as many more as you choose. We expect many clubs of 50 or 100 at a time, according to size of the community. We want every friend of The Blade to send us at least one club in each month, even if you do not compete for the premiums, just to do an act of charity to the needy in your neighborhood. It will also extend our acquaintance just that much, and we will appreciate it also. We shall name the price so low that we cannot allow any deduction for cost of remitting. However, beginning with June 1 the cost of money orders (P. O.) will be greatly reduced, and the cost of remitting will be so small that we feel sure every friend of The Blade will help to the extent of at least one club without remuneration, especially when we assume so great an expense for the benefit of your friends and neighbors. Please remit in current funds. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by money order, express order, New York, Chicago or Toledo exchange, or by registered letter. Be sure to enclose a coupon with each order, in numerical order for each month, as long as they last. Upon reading our coupon card in connection with this article, our plan will appear perfectly plain to you, and you will realize this to be the most remarkable offer to newspaper readers ever made by any publisher. We shall now wait with bated breath to see how many friends The Toledo Blade has in this broad land.

The continuance of the great coal strike indefinitely will entail suffering and privation upon the poor, in the great cities, especially. Washington city requires 500,000 tons of anthracite and 50,000 tons of bituminous coal annually; New York, 3,000,000 tons of anthracite and 1,800,000 bituminous; Chicago, 1,500,000 tons of anthracite and 3,000,000 tons of bituminous; Philadelphia, 3,000,000 anthracite and 1,000,000 bituminous, and so on. The winter supply is accumulated during the summer and if, through the strike, this is not done, next winter will see extravagantly high retail prices for this necessity of life, with a corresponding burden upon the poor, and privation to many.

Even were a protective duty to be retained on wool, the price would be a low one in the United States this year—though not as low as it will be under a free wool regime. The wool clip for this year of Australia is estimated at 1,860,000 bales, or 52,000 bales more than last year's. It is the largest ever recorded for Australia.

IN SAFETY.

Cook—Hurry! There's a row outside, Mister Murphy.
Mr. Murphy—Yis! Hadn't yes better bolt th' doore.

"THE DEMOCRATIC FAILURE."

Harper's Weekly, the leading mugwump organ, has a bitter editorial in its last number, under the caption, "The Democratic Failure." It begins with a declaration that "The Democratic party has had its trial and has failed. It has been placed in control of the federal government, and it has demonstrated its incapacity to carry out its pledges." Here is a verdict from the high court of mugwumpery. Ever since 1884, when the Weekly abandoned Republicanism and took up the championship of Democracy, it has labored to the best of its ability to place the national government in the hands of that party. And now, after a little over a year's experience of Democratic control, the Weekly tacitly admits that its eight years' work for the Democratic party has been a blunder, and scores Democracy for its shortcomings.

The indictment of the Weekly charges that party with extravagance, with "responsibility for silver agitation and currency follies," and, worse than all, "now that it has an opportunity to remedy the wrongs of McKinleyism it is at the mercy of the McKinleyites in its own ranks." This is the point on which the most stress is laid. The Weekly scores the party for being extravagant, for being unsound on the money question, and for failing to carry out the platform pledges regarding the tariff.

Hence the Weekly sounds the call for "an open revolt in the party" in order to pass a low-tariff bill that will satisfy the platform pledges. It declares that the party "can not regain the confidence of the people until a rebellion and a revolution occur in its organization." If the Democratic party, it announces, "will not respond to the demand for a reduction of duties," then "some other party must take its place." And in order to prevent so lamentable a result as the Weekly evidently thinks this would be, "the party must rid itself of its protectionist leaders, Gorman, Hill, Brice, and all who believe as they do must be deposed."

The esteemed Weekly, with true mugwump incapacity to modify its own dogmatism, fails to see that Gorman, Hill, Brice, et id omne genus, have noted the tremendous change in popular opinion regarding the tariff, and are trying to save the Democratic party from the people's wrath by causing its Congressional majority to throw overboard the condemned tariff utterance of 1890, and to pass a tariff bill which is more or less protectionist. They are pursuing the line they think may save their party; the Weekly is demanding a policy that will send it down to defeat for a generation. And we are willing to make a moderate wager that the mugwumpian advice of the Weekly will not be taken this year, at least.

OREGON IS IN LINE.

The Oregon state election on Monday resulted in a brilliant Republican victory. Lord, that party's candidate for governor, is elected by a good plurality, which retires the blatant Pennoyer from political life. Both Representatives-elect to the Fifty-fourth Congress are Republicans—Herman and Ellis. The legislature will be close, with the chances in favor of the Republicans having a majority on joint ballot, which will send a Republican to succeed Senator Dolph.

The contest was an animated one, and the result almost impossible to predict, because of the sudden increase of the Populist vote within the past two years. Had it grown in the past year as it did in the previous one, the Populists would have carried the state. The leaders of that party counted on receiving large accessions from the farmer vote because of the prevailing low prices of farm produce and tight money times; and they also believed that many Democrats, disgusted with the dire failure of Congress to do anything, would turn to them, instead of to the Republicans. In both of these conjectures they were wrong. The Republican party received handsome accessions, and scored a distinct triumph.

THE HAWAIIAN RESOLUTION.

The Senate administered a stinging rebuke to the President—and to Gresham—by adopting the Hawaiian resolution by so decisive a vote—55 to 0. The wording of the resolution is as follows:

> Resolved, By the Senate of the United States, that of right it belongs wholly to the people of Hawaii to establish and maintain their own form of government and domestic policy; that the United States ought not in any way to interfere therewith, and that interference in the political affairs of these islands by any other government will be regarded as an act unfriendly to the United States.

This resolution is a compromise in its wording. It means the same as the resolution offered by Senator Kyle, which simply declares strongly that the United States shall not interfere to restore Queen Liliuokalani. This language was so blunt that Vilas and the cuckoos labored to have it modified. But the meaning remains under the verbiage. The resolution simply means that the Senate declares against any interference by this government, and leaves the question of annexation of the islands to the United States open for future settlement.

The Senate's motto in tariff legislation is "Trust or bust." Either the Trusts must be cared for, or the tariff bill will be "busted."

The Democratic deficit will be $74,000,000 for the fiscal year. This fact gives the exact measure of Democratic statesmanship.

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN.

All the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte cost him $2,775,000,000. The wars of Louis Napoleon were nearly twice as costly.

Showers of fish bones sometimes fall on decks of vessels. Their origin are the waterspouts, which carry fish high into the air.

Mining engineers now use photography to illustrate their reports, by presenting pictures of ledges and other features of the mines.

Col. Cecil Clay, a one-armed man, won the medal for the best marksmanship in the National guard test of the District of Columbia.

Before Mrs. Humphrey Ward completed her first novel she was seized with writers' cramp, and had to dictate the remainder of the volume.

Fullmer wrote the song "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" after visiting a friend in a rainstorm who asked for the loan of his umbrella.

The bride's veil is a relic of the "care cloth," a canopy held over a virgin bride by our Saxon forefathers to conceal her embarrassment.

New York, with an assessed valuation of $8,500,000,000, is the richest state in the union. Pennsylvania is next, with a valuation of $8,000,000,000.

Cremation is becoming increasingly popular in Paris, and the crematorium erected at the cemetery of Pere Lachaise has already been found to be too small.

Mrs. Claudia Herrera, a Mexican woman, died in San Francisco the other day, at the age of 120. Her acquaintances are positive there is no mistake about her age.

The story that Congressman Breckinridge was prominent as an antagonist of Dr. Briggs at the meeting of the Presbyterian general assembly is again revived. There was a Breckinridge who strongly opposed Dr. Briggs at the meeting of the general assembly at Portland, Oregon, but it was Judge Samuel Breckinridge, of Kentucky, a cousin of the Congressman, and, unlike the latter, a man of unusually spotless life and of the highest character.

WILL BEAR REPEATING.

The discovery has been made by a German physiologist that the milk of inebriate mothers contains a small amount of alcohol, and it is his belief that such mothers communicate to their offspring a desire for stimulants.

An expert declares that he knows of at least 600 counterfeits of the Old Masters which are now hanging in private galleries in the United States, and all of which were originally purchased in Europe at very high prices.

A French physician has constructed an acting model of the human heart. It is of the same hue, size and consistency as the natural organ, with every detail, and a fluid courses through it and through artificial arteries.

In France and Switzerland last year the Salvation army held nearly 200,000 meetings, dealt with nearly 5,000 souls at its penitent forms, while well nigh 30,000 copies of its salvation papers were sold.

It is now believed that chemical and medical science will soon make the vegetable foods notably gross digestible by man without first passing through animal intermediaries. An enormous increase in the food supply of the world would be the result.

The search light recently set up on Mount Washington, in the White mountains, having a diameter of only 20 inches and a reflected light from the mirror of 200,000-candle power, could be seen from points 100 miles away, and a newspaper could be read in its beam ten miles away.

"An Observer" indulges in very strong language about Leone Natale, as the Italians call Signor Crispi. The result of his appointment has been "the abolition of all liberties and safeguards of the body politic and the substitution of secret, irresponsible and absolutely despotic tribunals and secret agencies worked by the will of one man. . . . Italy is at the present time as completely ruled by an unscrupulous despotism and by sheer use of the sabre and musket as is Poland at this hour or as Austrian Venetia was earlier in the century."

FASHIONS UP TO DATE

White trimmings are universally worn, and white kid is introduced with guipure in many of the embroideries.

Evening ties for gentlemen suggest the proximity of feminine fingers, and look like women's butterfly bows.

Ribbons vie with laces for the favorite place among dress trimmings, and all kinds of plain and fancy ribbons are used on dresses.

Chatelaines hung with all sorts of jingling trinkets, such as miniature darks, salt bottles, seals, and pencils are to be worn again.

Graceful sashes are made by a double band of ribbon passed around the waist and fastened at the back beneath two rosettes, with long ends reaching to the hem.

A novel way of giving a dash of style to a plain covert coat is to introduce a wide white collar and revers, which are made to button on and take off at will.

Fancy side combs of tortoise shell or gold set with diamonds, are worn to keep the hair in place. A pretty fancy for gray hair is an upstanding comb of jet, which extends down at the side of the head, graduating into the hair.

Bridesmaids' dresses of sheer plain muslin, made over silk and trimmed with lace insertion put in perpendicularly, and deep frillings of lace, are pretty for June weddings. With these are worn large, girlish straw hats. Another fancy is to have the bridesmaids wear different colors.

The craze for a revival of old-time fancies extends to names as well as things, and the present pet in Paris is the "Maid of Orleans." There are Jeanne d'Arc hats, Orleans shoes and gloves, and the heroic maiden's suit of armor has been represented in a toilet of gray silk trimmed with steel spangles.

Belts of some description are an indispensable article of summer attire, and they may be of ribbon, velvet or leather. A fancy resembles chain armor in miniature, and consists of beads and paillettes overlapping each other and sewn on elastic cloth. Fancy buckles and clasps fasten the belts in front, and these come in every possible variety to suit every purse. The most durable ones, which are nice and inexpensive, too, are of solid silver.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Women gardeners are in great demand in England and Germany.

In Holland an attempt is being made to pass a bill allowing women to be elected to Parliament.

William Astor Chanler, the African explorer, has arrived at Zanzibar after his second expedition. His expedition was fairly successful. He will contribute a report of his exploration to the New York Geographical Society.

The wedding dress of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette has lately been discovered in the ancient church of Kennweg, near Vienna. It has for many generations been the custom for Austrian brides to present their wedding dress to a church for the adornment of an image of the Holy Virgin, or to be made into vestments.

Rev. Edgar Buckingham, who died in his 83d year at Deerfield, Mass., on Monday, had for his fellow pupils at the Boston Latin school, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and the historian Motley. He was a son of Joseph T. Buckingham, the founder of the Boston Courier, in which paper the first series of the "Biglow Papers" appeared.

It is rumored that the Princess of Wales is becoming insane on account of her grief at the loss of her son, the Duke of Clarence. She imagines that she is traveling about in search of her dead son. She has recently become almost completely deaf, although she has always been troubled with imperfect hearing. She cares for books, without speaking to any one, and her attention cannot be attracted by any means whatever by either her daughter or her attendants. It is thought likely that she will never appear in public in London again.

DO WOMEN KNOW

That heavy bed clothing often produces sleeplessness?

That happy children are almost invariably healthy children?

That burnt camphor inhaled will often cure a cold in the head?

That a comb of buffalo horn is much better for the hair than one of rubber or celluloid?

That color taken from a fabric by acid may nearly always be restored by

A NEW SILVER SOLUTION

THE BLADE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH GOVERNOR WAITE.

Why Not Try Free Silver in One State as an Experiment?—Governor Waite's Letter to The Blade.

In a speech made at Pueblo, Colorado, on May 21, Governor Waite, of that state, advocated the coinage of Colorado silver into Mexican dollars, by the mints of that country, and that they be made legal tender in Colorado. This is but an extension of the recommendation made in his message to the extra session of the General Assembly of that state, January 10, 1894, in which he said: "If we, as a state, would check the general government in its usurpations and compel a restoration of the rights of which we have been unconstitutionally deprived, we must restore that ancient landmark which existed in the history of this country for 81 years—from 1776 to 1857—and in pursuance of section 10, article 1, United States constitution, which declares the right of a state to make gold and silver coin a legal tender in the payment of debts, enact that all silver dollars, domestic and foreign, containing not less than 412 1-2 grains, nine-tenths fine silver, and upon the present ratio of 16 ounces silver to one ounce gold, shall be a legal tender for the payment of debts public and private, collectable within the state of Colorado."

There are many reasons why The Blade believes it would be a wise thing to try this experiment in Colorado. If in one state these dollars passed current at their face value, were readily exchangeable for gold and paper dollars, without depreciation, it would be a powerful demonstration of the soundness of the free silver argument. If, on the other hand, gold and paper redeemable in gold were driven out of the state by the silver, or passed at a premium—that is, if a gold or paper dollar would buy more than a silver dollar—then the doctrine that the value of coin rests upon the market worth of the metal from which it is made, would be demonstrated to be true, and the free coinage of silver by the United States at the ratio of 16 to 1 be abandoned by all intelligent men.

Feeling thus, the editor of The Blade wrote as follows to Governor Waite:

Toledo, O., May 24, 1894.

Hon. Davis H. Waite, Denver, Colo.:

Dear Sir:—I note, by the Associated Press report of your remarks at Pueblo, that you are anxious to try the experiment of making silver dollars, of other mintage than that of the United States government, a legal tender in Colorado.

The whole silver controversy could be settled within a year if the experiment you propose were tried. It would substitute solid facts for theorizing, and remove all ground for discussion. The number of gold monometallists in the country is so small as not to be a factor of any moment. The great majority of the people believe in the use of silver as well as gold, and the only real difference of opinion is on the question of the ratio.

You probably are well aware that, while the federal constitution prohibits any state from coining money, it does not prohibit individuals from doing so, and this has been frequently done. In the early '50's, private mints in California coined octagonal $40 gold pieces and 25-cent gold pieces. The Mormons in Utah did the same things. Earlier in the century, Jacob Bechtler had a private mint in North Carolina, and issued a series of gold coins, and, I believe there was a similar mint in Georgia. A private mint was established by a banking firm in Denver about 1862 or '63. Its coinage being brought to the attention of Secretary Chase, he called on the Attorney General to proceed against its proprietors, but was astonished to find that they had an undoubted right to make coin. The matter was taken to Congress, and a law passed, prohibiting individuals from minting coin.

The federal constitution prohibits the individual states from making anything but gold and silver a legal tender for debts. Without the above-mentioned provision of the federal statutes, a private mint in Denver, for instance, could issue silver dollars of legal weight and fineness, which the state legislature could make a full legal tender. Care would, of course, have to be taken to make the coins so distinctive in shape or design as to show that they are not imitations of federal money.

My object in writing this is to suggest that Colorado make an effort to have the section of the U. S. statutes which forbids private minting, either repealed, or amended so as to allow the coinage of silver dollars. I believe that, if the matter were properly presented to the present Congress, it would pass such a bill, even if for nothing else than to allow the experiment of free silver to be tried. Certainly it would be far easier to get a bill through for this purpose than one for the free coinage of silver by the United States.

I should be very glad to have your views on this suggestion; and if you think favorably of it. The Blade will be glad to aid to the full extent of its ability. Very respectfully,

EDITOR TOLEDO BLADE.

The following is Governor Waite's reply. Accompanying it was a pamphlet copy of his message to the Colorado legislature, from which we extracted the quotation containing his recommendation given above:

State of Colorado,
Governor's Office,
Denver, May 25, 1894.

Editor Toledo Blade:

My dear sir:—Yours of the 24th inst. received. I enclose you a copy of my late message to the late special session of the Ninth General Assembly of Colorado, in which message I have given fully my views on silver, and the remedial measures necessary to counteract the effects of the present gold standard. In my judgment there is nothing to be hoped for from Congress. We must rely on our state rights, under the United States constitution.

President Diaz wrote me that he would allow the same terms to bullion producers in Colorado which the laws of Mexico give their own people—4.47-100 per cent for mintage (the fraction may not be exactly right, I speak from memory); 1-4 of 1 per cent for the government stamp, and an assay fee, nominal on large amounts of silver bullion.

Transportation added to the City of Mexico, or possibly to El Paso, the Mexican dollar would not Colorado producers about 91 cents on the dollar. Made a legal tender, those dollars would pay taxes and pass current at their face value in all business transactions. Colorado would at once become prosperous. Every mine and prospect be opened, every wheel of industry in the state set in motion, every unemployed man be in demand for labor. The example of our state would at once be followed by every other silver-producing state, and then by the agricultural states, and in a brief time Congress would be compelled to concede the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

Very respectfully,
DAVIS H. WAITE.

We have not the slightest doubt—and never had—that Governor Waite is absolutely sincere in his belief that all the ills of the country are due to the lack of free silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, and that an era of unalloyed prosperity would set in were Congress to pass a law to that effect. There are thousands and tens of thousands of American voters who devoutly believe the same thing. There are other tens of thousands who do not so believe, and The Blade is among the number. But what harm can result from a state—Colorado, for instance—trying the experiment, in the manner now advocated by Governor Waite?

The silver agitation has been going on since about 1875. The same arguments, pro and con, are used to-day that were used then. Nineteen years has been spent in assertion, denial, counter-assertion and re-denial. The same theories, the same facts in opposition, are presented to-day as have been for all these years. It is obvious that nothing can settle the question to the satisfaction of some parts of the West and South, but an actual trial. Those who see peril to our finances in the full and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1, are by no means willing to have the country ruined to convince the free silver men of their error. Why not try the experiment in a single state? It will be as conclusive as though the whole country was involved. If the experiment proves the silver men are right in their theories, the opposition to free coinage at that ratio for the whole country will fade away; if it proves the free silver men are wrong, the silver men will come to the position of The Blade—that we must have a new ratio.

Why not try the experiment desired by Governor Waite? Can any one give a good reason against it?

A SPLENDID NEW STORY,

Specially Written for The Blade—Brilliant, Dramatic and Exceptionally Interesting.

In pursuance of our policy of always furnishing Blade readers with THE BEST in the way of serials, we have made special arrangement with a noted English author, of the new generation of story-tellers which is just now rising in the literary world, to publish his newest and best story as a serial. It is

THE SWORD OF FATE

BY

HENRY HERMAN,

AUTHOR of "Through Golden Fire," "Scarlet Fortune," "His Angel," "Eagle Joe," "A King in Bohemia," "For Old Virginia," "The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery," etc., etc.
JOINT AUTHOR of "The Silver King," "Claudian," "The Bishop's Bible," "One Traveler Returns," etc.

"The Sword of Fate" is an original novel written specially for serial publication in our columns, and will be commenced in a few weeks. The exact date will be announced later.

The opening chapters, which we have just received, are of great dramatic intensity and the story as a

MR. HENRY HERMAN.

whole of extraordinary power. The author claims for it an unusual attractiveness. It is an exposé of the unconventionality of fate. Various scenes are laid in the mining districts of England, in a criminal lunatic asylum, and in London, one of the latter dealing with the furore of a recent financial crisis, and the business of an outside stockbroker. The story is up-to-date, and will make a sensation.

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality, so far as appearances go, and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $15 to $35; but an American manufacturer has agreed to sell single coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (breast measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid.

The dark blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering, care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inverness shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the arms, buttoning in front, and prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering, state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 62, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $3.85. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

For a short time we shall omit The Blade Sewing Machine advertisement, in order to use the space for news matter, but we will continue to fill all orders. One of these machines and The weekly Blade one year for $18.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
1 dozen table knives	2.25
½ dozen table knives	4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA

And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

COMPLETE IN 10 HANDY VOLUMES, OVER 12,000 PAGES.

We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, inpaper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about thirteen pounds.

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We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of The Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

3. Diana or Christ?
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
13. Home from the First Voyage.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, We will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

PESTS OF HOUSEKEEPERS

INSECT FOES THAT COME WITH SUMMER—HOW TO MEET THEM.

Cockroaches, Croton Bugs, and Clothes Moths—The Buffalo Beetle—Ants, Flies and Mosquitoes.

This is one of the times in the year when cares pile up on the general housewife. The hardest particular job of the season is the spring housecleaning, but a part of that work is only just the beginning of a greater one—the fighting of all sorts of household pests in the way of insects. If there is anything which rivals the mouse in its ability to send hot and cold chills running up and down the spine of a woman it is a cockroach. "Ugh!" shuddered a little woman, "there's that great big cockroach again! He has taken possession of that corner of the wainscoting, and every time I go there he is just coming out!"

A curious fact has been observed recently in a certain building that was fairly overrun with cockroaches and Croton bugs, says the New York Sun. Desks were almost useless. They not only ate up papers, but ate the bindings completely off of books, evidently in quest of the paste with which they were put together. The office paste pots seemed to be their regular trenchers, for there were no other visible sources of food supply for them.

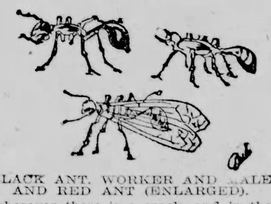
The cockroach, like the danse du ventre, and some other disagreeable things, came to us from the Orient. Unlike a great many of the other insects, he hasn't the common decency of changing his general manner of life and form, and at least giving us some variety during his lifetime. Most insects begin life as worms or caterpillars, and then take on an inactive state while they are preparing to come out in their perfect form. Not so,

MALE AND FEMALE COCKROACH, EGG AND CROTON BUG (REDUCED).

however, with the cockroach. The mother roach lays one or two bundles of eggs, each about half as thick as her body, and each containing sixteen eggs. From the time these hatch out, they are to all intents and purposes, except reproduction, perfect roaches. It is true that they go through certain changes, principally shown by the development of the wings and wing covers, but at all times they are voracious feeders on both animal and vegetable matter.

Croton bugs are also known as German cockroaches.

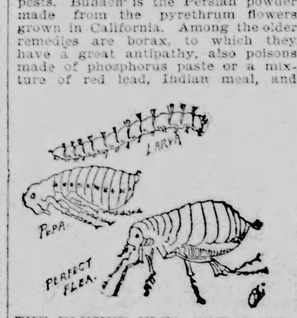
Prof. Riley, the United States entomologist, says they can both be exterminated in this simple manner: "Just before nightfall go into the infested rooms and puff buhach into all crevices, under base boards, into drawers, and cracks of furniture, in fact,



BLACK ANT, WORKER AND MALE AND RED ANT (ENLARGED).

wherever there is a crack, and in the morning the floor will be found littered with dead or demoralized roaches, and they can be swept up and burned."

Keep this up until the eggs are hatched and you will get rid of the pests. Buhach is the Persian powder made from the pyrethrum flowers grown in California. Among the older remedies are borax, to which they have a great antipathy, also poisons made of phosphorus paste or a mixture of red lead, Indian meal, and

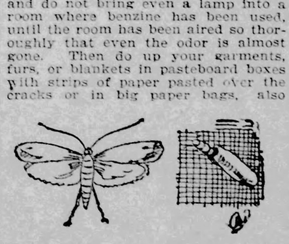


THE ELUSIVE FLEA (ENLARGED).

molasses, which they eat ravenously.

Peculiar to housecleaning time are the clothes moths. These small, light-brown moths begin to appear in May, and may occasionally be seen as late as August, but the careful housewife who takes her precautions now will be pretty safe for the rest of the year.

There is only one certain way to fight them so that they will not lay their eggs in your woolens, furs, cloths, and carpets and their larva eat holes in them to make a coat for himself. Everything must be aired and shaken and benzine should be freely used, spraying it into cracks in chests and closets. Be careful of fire and do not bring even a lamp into a room where benzine has been used, until the room has been aired so thoroughly that even the odor is almost gone. Then do up your garments, furs, or blankets in pasteboard boxes with strips of paper pasted over the cracks or in big paper bags, also



CLOTH MOTH AND LARVA.

pasted up, and you need not bother with cedar wardrobes or moth balls.

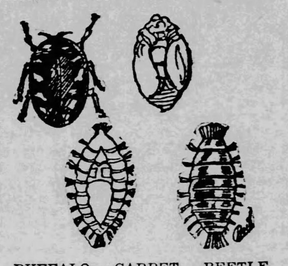
Cloth-covered furniture that is to be stored and carpets will be safe if sprayed a couple of times in the season with benzine. Blotting paper, soaked in equal parts of oil of camphor and spirits of turpentine and laid among clothes will destroy moths.

Your carpets have another enemy, the buffalo carpet beetle. He is about a quarter of an inch long, black, or nearly so, with white spots and a reddish stripe along the middle of his back. Kill him wherever you see him. He also is an immigrant who came to us in 1876. Benzine is the remedy against his depredations, and it should be plentifully used after the floors are cleaned, in all the cracks under the carpets and around the base boards.

The buffalo carpet beetle is so comparatively new a comer that it is not every housekeeper who knows him.

THE BEDBUG.

It was first detected in New York doing its nefarious work. If left to spread unchecked the carpet bug overruns houses and preys upon a variety of fabrics, but its favorite home is just under the edges of carpets and in the cracks of the floors of carpeted rooms. It is when he is in the larva state that he does damage. He eats large holes in carpets along the borders or cuts a carpet into strips, eating straight lines through it along the lines of the floor cracks. He eats all summer, and, finally casting his skin, forms within the cast skin his chrysalis or pupa. The perfect insect appears at the end of win-



BUFFALO CARPET BEETLE, CHRYSALIS, CAST AND LARVA (ENLARGED).

ter, and may often be found on the windows of infested rooms in May.

Even in cities the red ant is a pest in the house and the larger ones make havoc of the bits of grass or flower grounds outside, which are almost as much a part of the household.

For the ants outside Professor Riley recommends the use of bisulphide of carbon, which you can buy at any drug store. Make a hole in the nest and pour into this a tablespoonful of the bisulphide of carbon. Cover for a little while with a wet blanket, and when it is removed explode the bisulphide of carbon with a candle or torch held at the end of a long pole. The fumes go deep into the ground and kill the ants. The little red ants make their nests under floors, between walls, or in walks or lawns. They can be destroyed by using kerosene emulsion. Pour it into their nests or as near as you can get to them and upon their lines of travel.

To make an emulsion, take an ounce of yellow soap, dissolve it in a pint of boiling water, remove from the fire, and add two pints of kerosene. Beat until it is all of a creamy texture.

There is one odoriferous insect pest, haunter of beds and terror of the night which almost every one has learned the remedies for. It is a curious fact that this little red pest is a native of wood lands, and lives naturally under the scales of the bark of pine trees. It is often found in great numbers in new houses, particularly in those trimmed with the long-leaved Southern pine, and at Asbury park and other places built in the Jersey pines have caused great annoyance to cleanly housekeepers.

The flea is not so persistent a houseboldfoe as others, but wherever cats or dogs are kept he is apt to be—not found, but felt. If it were not for the difficulty of catching him the flea would not be the aggravating fellow he is, for although his bite is sharp, it

THE MOSQUITO AND HIS BILL.

is not poisonous, and he has no disagreeable odor such as gives the careful housewife such a horror of roaches and some other pests.

Door mats where cats or dogs lie are the favorite haunt of fleas in the house but with their active, hardy habits they do not confine themselves to any one spot. Attack them at their source, if you would be rid of them. Scrub your dog with the kerosene emulsion or fill his hair repeatedly with Persian powder, blown into it from the powder gun. Cats don't take kindly to being scrubbed, so the powder treatment is all that can be tried upon them. Also use the powder freely on mats where the animals lie.

Spiders are not an unmixed evil. They destroy many of the other pests, but it is easy to abolish them, merely by the use of broom and duster.

Flies and mosquitos are the other great summer disturbers. They do not breed in the house or its surroundings, and so nothing can be done by the housewife toward keeping down the supply. Screen all you can with bars or darkened rooms, and try this means of getting rid of those that persist in entering. At night, when the house is closed, puff a tablespoonful or more of Persian powder toward the ceiling of each room and close the doors for the night. In the morning all the flies or mosquitoes that have entered the house will be found on the floor, dead or dying, and can be swept up. Cover with papers things which you do not wish the bodies to drop into.

THE AWAKENING KISS.

White velvet curtains hide her eyes;
Locked in a deep
Untroubled sleep.
Within her fleecy robes she lies.

Warm lips upon her lips are pressed,
And from her eyes
The veils arise,
And sweet life awakens in her heart.

'Tis Psyche roused by Love's caress;
'Tis gentle Spring
Awakening
The earth to life and faithfulness.
—Edward Payson Jackson, in Munsey's Magazine.

THE MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

Woman's Period of Youth Has Advanced Ten Years.

"The great trouble with this particular age," remarked a young woman on her 27th birthday, "is that people are so obviously wondering whether or not one intends to get married and opining that if so, one had better be about it, lest she find herself in the predicament of Jacky, of nursery lore, of whom it is narrated that 'first he would, then he wouldn't, then he thought he would, and then he couldn't.' Or, as the Scotch gallantly put it, a girl at 18 wonders 'Who shall I take, at 25 who shall I get, and at 30, who will take me?'"

"You forget," remarked her listener, "that woman's period of youth has moved on a good ten years. In the old-fashioned novel the heroine was invariably sweet 16, never by any chance either more or less. This gave her two years in which to accomplish the object of her being, since after the venerable age of 18 all possible interest in her was supposed to cease. Now you seldom find a heroine of fiction who interests you under 26, and in a large number of actual marriage statistics the bride is between 25 and 30, and even older. How can a child of 16 or 18 form any just estimate of a man's character or how it will accord with her own?"

"But, don't you think," said the first speaker, "at that undeveloped age her own character can grow into conformity with his, and that perhaps there will be less conflict and greater happiness thereby?"

"Oh, that is a mediaeval sort of view implying the subjection of women, who had better be out of the world since it is now out of the fashion, in these days of woman's suffrage meetings among the four hundred and petitions to the legislature."

Then the two, says the Philadelphia Press, drifted into a discussion of the political status of women.

The Rising Generation.

The boy's education now lies between the teacher and bleacher.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

"A beautiful hand" you murmur,
Dimpled and dainty and small,
A prize to lead." Ah! the pity
It leads to a soul's downfall.
Beautiful? Ah! I can never
See beauty in it again,
For the stain of blood is on it,
The blood of my fellow men.

That white hand has held the wine cup;
I've seen it lift gaily up
To lips too weak to refuse it—
The rosy, death-laden cup.
The red lips parted in laughter,
And left on its brim a kiss,
Is it strange that poor, weak mortals
Should peril their souls for this?

They laughed at the drunkard's weakness,
Sure of their strength, yet they fell
From the fair, strong heights of manhood
Into sin's uttermost hell.
Ah! that the hand of woman,
Hands that God trusts with so much,
Should lead His children from Him,
And blot out His face with a touch.

For God in woman has given
A power that's next to His own;
The tenderest gift of Heaven
Intrusted to her alone.
A terrible fact confronts you,
O, woman, and yet how grand!
A soul may lie in the balance
Held by your own white hand.
—Florence A. Jones.

MRS. KIDDER DISCUSSES WOMAN'S ATTENDANCE ON CAUCUSES.

"Charlie," giggled Mrs. Kidder, looking up from the copy of the Daily Blade she was reading, "are you going to the caucus to-morrow night?"

"The caucus?" echoed her husband, looking up blankly. "Oh, yes, I had forgotten all about it. Yes, I think I will go."

Mrs. Kidder smiled archly at him, but said nothing.

"Well, Mattie, why are you grinning at me like a Cheshire cat? Why don't you speak out? What is it you want?"

Dr. Cupples evinced more penetration. "Why, Kidder, she wants you to take her along, of course. You forget that women are voters in Ohio now."

"There, Charlie, I am really ashamed of you! I was waiting for a polite request for the pleasure of my company to the caucus. I never was at one in my life."

"I don't see why you should want to go," returned Mr. Kidder. "This caucus is to select delegates to the county convention. Women can't vote for anything but members of the school board, and we don't elect them until next spring."

"Now, that's too bad!" said Mrs. Kidder, poutingly. "I had expected to see women go to the polls this fall, and here it's almost a year until they can vote for anything!"

"That don't matter, Mrs. Kidder," said the Doctor. "You ought to go to this caucus to see how they are managed, and then you will be ready to participate next spring."

"That would be nice, Charlie!" said the lady, vivaciously. "I am still waiting for that invitation, sir!"

"You don't really mean it, Martha?" inquired Mr. Kidder, incredulously.

"Of course I do, sir! And if you don't want to escort me, I shall ask Dr. Cupples if he won't take me with him!"

"Delighted, I'm sure," briskly responded the little Doctor. "We'll watch Kidder at work for his favorite candidates, and I'll show you what it is to be a practical politician!"

"That will be very nice, Doctor!" answered Mrs. Kidder, gleefully entering into the spirit of the thing. "And then next spring I can work at the caucus myself! I will be a—what is it, now?—Oh, yes! I'll be a heeler!"

Mr. Kidder and the Doctor burst into laughter, but the lady only nodded her head determinedly. "You may laugh all you please, gentlemen; but I tell you a nice girl will be a power in coaxing men to vote for her favorite candidate!"

"All girls are nice," observed the Doctor, in his most oracular manner, "though that's not saying some are not nicer than others, however."

"I don't think a 'nice' girl would be likely to go among a crowded caucus, buttonholing men and importuning them to vote!" snapped Mr. Kidder.

"Why not?" demanded his wife, mischievously. "The gentlemen—especially the nice young men—could canvass among the ladies for votes, and I think it will be great fun when they do that!"

"And wouldn't the young men take a deep interest in their political duties?" chuckled the Doctor. "You were lamenting their indifference the other evening, Kidder; why, woman suffrage is going to change all that!"

Mr. Kidder glanced from one to the other, his frown growing more portentous.

"I didn't think of all that when the legislature passed the woman suffrage law," said Mrs. Kidder. "I see now it is going to be a nice thing—at least for young ladies. I don't know but I should like to be without the incumbrance of a husband—for a campaign or two, at least."

"One would be ample time, madam," responded the Doctor, with a courtly bow, "for a lady possessing your personal and mental charms. You would have your pick of the eligible young men!"

Mrs. Kidder giggled like a schoolgirl, and tossed her head as she replied: "You needn't practice your political flattery on me, Doctor. I promise you it won't do you any good in next spring's campaign."

"Politics and love-making mixed!" burst out Mr. Kidder, whose wrath had been growing during this exchange of persiflage. "A pretty kettle of fish that will be! Political principles cast to the winds at the slight of a pretty face, a roguish glance from a pair of black eyes! The picture you two have drawn of the possibilities that may result from woman suffrage are enough to make any sane person oppose it! And this—this is what these sexless agitators who clamor for 'woman's rights' are bringing us to! If I had my way——"

"But you're a married man, Kidder, and of course can't have your own way—at least when your wife is around," chuckled the Doctor. "However, I've got to go. I see it is time for me to make a call." And making his adieux, he jovially departed.

Mrs. Kidder went about the room, humming a tune, picking up and replacing one and another article of "bigotry and virtue," as Mrs. Partington says. Occasionally she cast a sly glance at her husband, who maintained a gloomy silence. Finally she went to his side, and lightly rearranging a stray lock of his hair, she spoke:

"Charlie, you really don't suppose that women would act so, even if they are to vote, do you?"

"It's hard to say what a woman won't do," he growled.

"Now, Charlie, you're too severe! You might at least except me from your condemnation, for you know I wouldn't go to a crowded, ill-smelling caucus, to be hustled about among a lot of men!"

"Why," returned Mr. Kidder, in surprise, "didn't you agree to go with Dr. Cupples to the caucus?"

"Oh, you goose!" laughed she, "did you suppose I was in earnest? I never had any idea of going; and if I had, I should expect my husband to take me, or not go at all!"

And she administered the kiss of peace on the tip of his nose.

S. S. K.

Grandpa's Stories.

Grandpa's full of funny tales—
Queerest ones, I know—
'Bout the things he used to do
Sixty years ago.

Wonder what I'll say to boys
When my hair's like snow?
Guess I'll do a lot of things,
Real queer capers, so.

When I am as old as he
I can whisper low
To my grandboys what I did
Sixty years ago.
—Harper's Bazar.

In Braddock's Honor.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington, heartily favors the project to raise a monument on the field of Braddock's defeat, "because it was one of the few battles in which England and America were allies."—Washington Star.

Feminine Waspishness.

Carrie—"I don't care; Emily looks worse than I do."

Maude—"Come, dear, don't be unmerciful."—Boston Transcript.

FRENCH BREAD MAKING

POINTERS FOR YANKEE HOUSEWIVES.

That Crisp Brown Crust We All Like Comes From Not Baking the Dough in Tin Moulds.

Bad cooking and bad bread, so the culinary wiseacres say, are responsible for a good many unhealthy American citizens. But bad bread nowadays in New York is a misnomer, or should be. The knowing American housewife buys the French bread, even if she has to go to Washington Square to get it. But the French bakery has become an integral part of the town, and the bread made by French bakers

IN A FRENCH BREAD SHOP.

is obtainable in all parts of the city. Yet few of us know how it is made, says the New York World.

A World reporter and artist the other day visited a French bakery near Washington Square with a view to elucidating the mystery of French bread. Having been invited by the proprietor to descend into the cellar, where the bread is baked, they were there received by the foreman, whose Christian name is Phillippe. He is a handsome, dark-haired Frenchman. He wore a pair of light trousers and nothing else. His fellow workmen were similarly attired.

The interior of this French bakeroom was picturesque in the extreme. The house is old. The roaring furnace cast a cheerful, ruddy color over the walls, flour bins and implements of baking. In the blackened rafters were hung the long wooden shovels, or pelles, with which the bread is put into and taken out of the oven. The almost naked men were muscular and healthy.

The most familiar kind of French loaf is the long, thin one, sometimes known as the pain de marchand de vin. It is quite sufficient, however, to call it a pain. In Paris you may often see a workman who has a large family—which workman there occasionally have—going home with one of these loaves six feet long. In this New York bakery, however, they do not make them more than three feet long.

French bread is always very light and well baked and browned. The crust is crisp and the bread dry. It cannot be rolled up into paste again with the fingers.

There is another form of loaf which is quite common. It is called "pain rond," and is flat and round, like a disk. The crust is very thick and hard, and the bread is rather solid. It is made with less water than the other kinds. The crust is excellent with cheese.

In France the price of bread is fixed by law, varying with that of wheat. The present price is about four cents a pound. It is a very serious crime in that country to try to corner the wheat market. A king of France once accomplished that feat, and after the revolution the people decided to put in jail for a long period any one who should attempt to imitate him. The French baker can only make any considerable profit out of pains de fontaine, or fancy-shaped rolls, which are not subject to the law regarding the price of bread.

Phillippe, the foreman, tried his best to explain the difference between French and American bread. He was not complimentary to the latter. The great difference, he said, was that the French was made with more care, and was never put into moulds. After the dough for the French bread has been kneaded, it is rolled, then placed in boxes to reporse itself for ten minutes, then rolled again and put into the oven. The American dough, on the other hand, is stuffed into a mould, and put into the oven without any further manipulation.

The proportions of water and flour are, he said, about the same in both kinds. It is, however, customary to put fat and other strange ingredients into American bread which are never put into French. He knew, because he made both kinds.

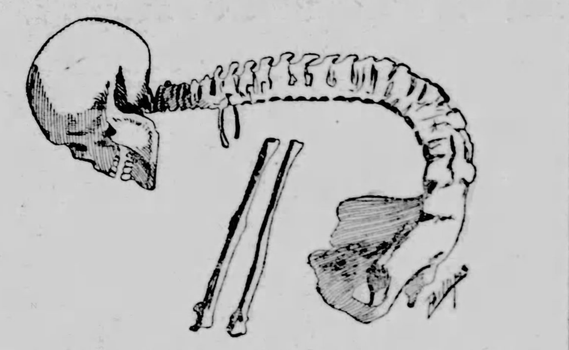
There are a number of French bakeries in the neighborhood of the square. Their principal business is with the local French restaurants, and they also supply many American restaurants.

PRE-HISTORIC AMERICAN'S SPINE

Ossified and Curved So That the Man Could Not Have Looked Up.

An hour's ride south of San Francisco the remains have just been discovered of a community of prehistoric inhabitants of this country. They were found by a party of students from Stanford University who were on a scientific exploration some four miles east of the university grounds.

A pear-shaped mound of earth covers the remains of the colony. It is calculated that some thousands of persons are buried there. The mound lies with its longer axis north and



OSSIFIED REMAINS OF THE PRE-HISTORIC AMERICAN.

south, and measures 470 feet in length by 320 in width, and has an area of nearly two acres. In height it ranges from about two feet at the southern end to the feet at its highest point, near the northern extremity. The soil used in its construction was the ordinary black adobe of the neighborhood.

It was ascertained from some of the old inhabitants of Spanish descent in the vicinity that when whites first settled the country there was an Indian village near the mound. But that would not necessarily indicate any connection between the Indians and the prehistoric people buried there.

The mound is now being explored with scientific care, under the direction of Prof. Mary Sheldon Barnes, who has charge of the work in Pacific coast history at the university.

The first day's excavation resulted in the finding of three skeletons, together with a number of pointed bone implements and two large stone mortars, such as are used by the Indians for grinding corn.

One of these skeletons, which is depicted here, is apparently that of an old man who had been a sufferer from a terrible disease, which had caused an extraordinary deformity. With the exception of the second joint in the neck there was a complete ossification of all the joints in the spinal column, making it as rigid as a broomstick. The ribs were fixed to the backbone, leaving no possibility of motion in respiration. At the points of attachment of the larger ligaments there were deposits of osseous tissue. This unfortunate man with the immovable backbone did not even possess the advantage of being able to stand upright. His spine was curved forward from the first lumbar. He could never have seen the sky unless his friends turned him on his back.

It is rather surprising that a primitive people should have taken care of such a useless old man, but possibly they thought his shape was an indication of supernatural power.

The larger bone of his left forearm had been broken at some period and reset with considerable skill. The old man was found reposing on a bed of ashes and his legs had been partially burned. Close at hand was found a large stone mortar, and a clam-shell was found near his left hand, indicating, possibly, that he had partaken of that mollusk shortly before his death. Not far away were the remains of a large quantity of burned shells of the bay oyster, crab and abalone, apparently the remains of a prehistoric clambake. Bones of a deer, elk, skunk, and other animals were also found. It was evident that the primitive people fared extremely well.

Some twenty skeletons have been found, according to the latest reports. They are those of persons of all ages. The owner of more than one skeleton had met with a violent death. In one skull a boned spear-head was found imbedded two inches. The skulls, as may be judged from the one produced here, are those of a race of small intelligence. A number of shell ornaments were found, and also perforated disks and pendants, showing rude attempts at ornamentation.

TAKE A DAY OFF.

Hills—they look so purty way off,
Set a feller wishin'
(Kinder think I'll take a day off
An' go fishin'.)

In the fields they've raked the hay off,
Daybirds all disputin'.
(Kinder think I'll take a day off
An' go shootin'.)

Rivers where the lilies lay off—
Swallows prove 'em skimmin'.
(Kinder think I'll take a day off
An' go swimmin'!)
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Queer Hiding Place for Coin.

There is a horse in the First ward which seems to be a sort of silver mine, says a Pomeroy, Kan., paper. A son of its owner, with the aid of a penknife, removed a dime from under its hide on Friday. The horse belonged to Edmund Stivers. Mr. Stivers bought it about two years ago from a party near Long Bottom. A week or two ago a small lump appeared on the horse's shoulder and grew more pronounced from day to day. Finally it became so distinct that it could be pinched up under the hide. On Friday Walt Stivers concluded to see what it was, and sliced open the hide with his penknife, when out rolled a silver dime. When the blood was wiped from it, it was as bright as the day it came from the mint. It was coined in 1876. There was no scar or other indication that the dime had been inserted through the hide.

Was a Sponge.

"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?" asked Mizer.

"Yes. Don't you?" said Hicks.

"Sometimes. What do you suppose I was before I became a man?"

"Oh, I don't know. A sponge, I guess."—Life.

The Retort Courteous.

"Do you wear eye-glasses because you think you look better with them?" asked Miss Peri.

"I wear them because I know I look better with them," answered the short-sighted man, sadly.—Philadelphia Times.

His Tastes Change.

Moralist—Do you think a man can go into politics and retain his self-respect?

Politician—Oh, yes. His tastes change, too!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHAT TO BUY.

Ornamental hairpins of frosted silver.

Black moire silks in birdseye pattern.

Softly ties of silk trimmed with lace.

Lampshades of softly plaited yellow chiffon.

Butter-colored embroideries in point de Venise effect.

Rhinestone buckles of various sizes, for millinery purposes.

Innumerable crepons showing velvet chintz stripes.

Driving coats of tweed with removable circular capes.

Evening cloaks of white brocade lined with pale pink.

Summer hats of black spangled tulle and feather tips.

Summer blouses of spotted cambric with rigot sleeves.

White parasols with enameled sticks, for summer wear.

Military trimming braids embroidered in oriental patterns.

Evening dresses of white silk trimmed with lace and velvet.

Over bodices of jet or spangled net with full sleeves to match.

Bridal garters of white frilled elastic with jeweled buckles.

An Incredulous Prisoner.

Prisoner (to his lawyer)—Sir, do you really believe all you have been saying about me to-day in your speech for the defense?

Lawyer (smiling)—Why, of course I do.

Prisoner—I don't.—Saphirs Witzblatt.

The Larke Lily.

The Victoria lily of Guiana has a circular leaf from six to twelve feet in diameter. It is turned up at the edge like a tray and can support according to its size from 100 to 300 pounds.—The Horticulturist.

Rabbit for Wool.

In parts of France a species of rabbit is utilized for the wool, which is said to be softer and finer than that of sheep. It is obtained at intervals by combing the animals.—Wagner.

CHECKMATED.

My Ladye spente

HOW LONG!

Some days when the sun is brightest,
And the wind is soft and sweet,
When the ripples feather the lightest
Over the ripened wheat;
When the world is fullest of music,
And life is thrilled with song,
The cry of my soul is lifted,
"How long, O Lord! how long?"

For against the rich, blithe summer
The pain of the world is set;
I hear the moans of the shipwrecked,
And the groans of vain regret;
The wail of the heavy-hearted,
The grief of the one gone wrong;
And the cry of my soul is lifted,
"How long, O Lord! how long?"

Then, stilling my thoughts that struggle,
And bidding the tumult cease,
As sweet as an angel's whisper,
Comes a blessed word of peace;
And the Lord Himself says, gently:
"Hush not thy thankful song.
I am yet the Father in heaven,
And I list to thy plaint, 'How long?'

"In the days of the years eternal,
Beginning and end I see.
The world is glad and sorrowful both,
And the world is safe with me.
The trouble and loss shall vanish;
Believe, and await the song,
Untouched by the minor of discord,
Where the ransomed legions throng."
—Margaret E. Sangster, in On the Road Home.

HOME TALKS.

THOUGHT IS MAGNETIC THOUGH REMAINING IN THE UNSEEN.

Goodness is Catching—Purity of Thought Brings Health and Vigor.

Because thought is magnetic, and it attracts out of the atmosphere the elements that build up and determine all outward life, let one put himself in the right thought-current, and all things that are in harmony with that current set toward him. Let him desire beauty, sweetness, grace, loveliness of surroundings, ways and means of material life—he can have them all. It is a law that is as invariable as the law of gravitation. He has but to place himself in the right thought-current. Every event and every condition in the physical world is the result of spiritual forces. The universe is governed by spiritual laws. The powers of earth and air are at the command of one who has found the key of right living. Life is all one—wholeness and unity—and death but changes the conditions but not the quality of the spirit. If one would be immortal, let him be immortal now. If one would live in heaven, let him realize that the natural world may be the spiritual world if we live in it the spiritual life, and, like Elijah of old, go on our way in the strength of the Lord.

Of course to those who have not informed themselves in the direction of the power of thought-currents, and who cannot accept any philosophy with regard to forces that are absolutely unseen, the above paragraph from one of Lilian Whiting's essays sounds exaggerated and untrue, and yet it is neither. To the careful observer of what is going on in the world, the fact that our lives are far more under our own control through an observance of the power of thought, is becoming more and more patent. The man who concentrates the energy of his thought upon some desired object is almost sure to win, not only through the potentiality of his own effort thus directed and fixed, but that he has attracted to him other thought-currents of success which meet and mingle with and strengthen his own. "Thought is magnetic." We act on the principle often and often without knowing why. You like the presence of a cheerful person, one who looks upon the bright side of life, and grow better and stronger therewith, although not a word has been said about your physical and mental ills. The reason is because the thought atmosphere of that person is full of the magnetism of hope, of trust, of a belief in the power of good, and that it can always overcome evil. That magnetism reaches you. It gives you strength. Life looks brighter, and you are better able to bear its burders, to grapple with its difficulties.

You know, if you stop to think, that the gloomy and despondent individual has precisely the opposite effect; that you soon feel a subtle but pervasive shadow falling over you, taking away from your power of accomplishment, making happiness an impossibility. The ills of your own condition, which may be real or fancied, but in either case are real to you, loom up in larger proportions and overshadow the sweet and pleasant things which have been so much to you.

It is the power of the unseen thought which has become a part of the magnetic aura that these individuals carry around with them—currents from which are constantly going forth—which so affects you. And those currents not only affect you, but, in a greater or less degree, every person who comes in their way, for they pass out into space with this power for good or ill, to help or to hinder as the case may be.

Happily the power of controlling one's own mental and spiritual atmosphere lies largely within ourselves. Because thought is magnetic, and it attracts out of the atmosphere the elements that build up and determine the outward life," it is important to put oneself into the right current so that all things lovely may flow towards him. This is not at all impossible. The "right current" is the one that pure thoughts and high aspirations bring. No one who lives perpetually upon the lower plane of selfishness, of envy, of discontent can bring it to them. As one well-known writer who has said many practical things upon this and kindred subjects puts it: "Goodness is catching. But hitherto mankind have so much admired and feared the devil, as to have accredited evil only with inoculating quality, while all manner of good is supposed to be drilled into poor human nature by painful and laborious processes. There cannot be the highest health and vigor without aspiration and purity of thought."

Somewhere I have seen this quotation from Joubert: "Naturally the soul repeats to itself all that is beautiful or all that seems so." That is only another way of expressing the same truth. It is that our own thought-atmosphere which we create for ourselves attracts its like from the unseen world around us. Have we made it alight with the beauty of unselfishness? Then will come the grace that makes self-sacrifice a happiness.

Nor are the results of the magnetism of thought confined wholly to the spiritual life. The law holds good in the physical, the material life. See yourself mentally always strong and prosperous, and it will go far towards making you so.

Yet after all it is to the higher life that we should most aspire, accepting the material goods when they come to us in a spirit of thankfulness, and using them again for others, thus making them in turn a potent factor in our climb upwards. And above all hold the thought to the best, the sweetest, the purest of everything in life; hold it there with the strength and determination that constant desire and aspiration bring, and so all life will be better worth the living.

Prentice Mulford well says:

Every thought or desire of ours to be nobler, more refined, more free from malice, ill will to others, and to do others good without exacting conditions is a thing, a force of unseen element which does actually tend or draw upward, or in other words, away from the earth or any form of that cruder type of spirit seen of the physical eye, or apparent to the body's touch that we call matter. This the aspiring order of thought you draw from the higher realms of spirit or element every time you wish, pray, or desire it. You are drawing to you then, that of unseen element which incorporates itself with your body and spirit, and it then commences literally to draw you toward the realm and element of greater, broader, purer life existent in zones or bands about our planet. It will, as you persist in this aspiring thought, make you stand more erect. The phrase "the upright man" or woman implies that the effect of this unseen element so brought you of aspiration makes you physically as well as spiritually upright. It lifts every physical organ into place. It is the thought current drawing from above the mood of impure or inimature thought, the mood of unwise or personal selfishness which seeks only personal gratification without thought or care of others. The thought or mood of gloom, discouragement, self depreciation comes of the overruling attraction of earthly seen or physical things.

* * * * *

As you are ruled more and more by the attraction of aspiration, the desire to be more and more of a God or Goddess, the determination to conquer all the evil within you, which is the only way to conquer any and all evil outside of you, your form will in accordance grow more upright, your eye will be more open and uplifted, your heart will be "lifted up," your cheeks will bloom with fresher color, your blood will fill more and more with a finer and powerful element, giving to your limbs strength, vigor, suppleness and elasticity of movement. You are then filling more and more with the Elixir of Life, which is no myth but a spiritual reality and possibility.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

In this case, however, it was a lawn instead of a mountain, and the hue was not "azure," but emerald; but since the "drift of the argymint" is the same, let the quotation stand.

I was looking across the street at my neighbor's lawn to-day, admiring the soft green turf, and drawing very unfavorable comparisons between its appearance and that of the lawn beneath my window. Here the brown, dead grass showed plainly; there were a great many weeds growing there, seemingly bent on driving the grass out of existence; the moles had festooned it with a series of exasperating, spongy puffs, and in more than one place, those industrious but abominable little ants were building their homes.

I decided that such a state of affairs was not to be borne any longer, and I went across the street immediately determined to find out what my neighbors had done to make their turf so smooth and velvety; resolving that, whatever means were necessary to attain the same desirable end, I would employ them.

As I drew near the opposite lawn, I noticed that even here, the moles had made a beginning; yes, and closer inspection discovered an ant hill or two; and by the time I stood looking fairly down upon it, I saw brown spots, and weeds, actually as many as I had seen at home; while, glancing back at my own lawn, I saw that a smooth, emerald sod seemed to cover it, equaling that I had so much admired on this very spot a few minutes before!

"It's because you are looking across it, from a distance," my neighbor said, smiling at my surprise. "Come to look straight down at it, it doesn't show up so well."

I went home pondering, and as a result, I offer my experience to the Household, with just a word of application.

Isn't it this way with our every day lives? We are looking "straight down" at them all the time; seeing the little annoyances, the trying accidents, the hundred and one unpleasantnesses that "crop out" in every household. What wonder that we look across at our neighbor's lot, which seems so fair and smooth; so free from everything that is rough or unkempt, and feel in our hearts that something should be done to equalize matters; that it can not be right for them to have nothing but the good, and we, nothing but the bad!

But, if it were only possible for us to look down into the heart of their "fair domain," we might see there worse troubles than those we have to endure; and, gazing back at our own, in the light of this new discovery, find every blemish, every flaw, hidden from sight, or sunk into insignificance, and the best qualities of those with whom we stand "shoulder to shoulder" through life's struggles, brought into bold and beautiful relief.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Written While We're Resting After the Spring-Cleaning.

Some Kindly Commendation.

After reading the editor's kind invitation of last week, I am moved to express my opinion as well as my appreciation of the many good things being said in the Household. I enjoy the letters from L. A. F. very much; "Small things" was especially good. When I read Leta's epistle, my admiration was complete. I had just finished the self-same soap making, can sympathize in the "other things" and, what is more, have a wrinkle in my forehead. I read with interest all that is said about literature, and say with C. B. F., let the young people read Mrs. Stowe's writings. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will do no harm if read a dozen times.

I like Dickens, Elliot and Scott, but I can not say the same for Victor Hugo. A taste for the best reading must be acquired and cultivated. I think education has a great deal to do with it also. Give the young such books as Alcott's, Whitney's, and Roe's, with the many good magazines now published for them and they will acquire a taste for good reading, that an occasional "dose" of lighter literature can not obliterate.

My favorite prose writer is E. P. Roe, and I like "Bitter Sweet" by J. G. Holland better than any poem I have ever read. Would like to have C. B. F.'s opinion of them. I do not agree with "Iowa Blonde," but will not stay to talk about that question now.—ExSchool Ma'am.

Some Sound Sentiments.

Theoretically our government is "by the people and for the people," but practically it seems to me to be "by the men and for the men."

This is so glaringly contrary to the "eternal fitness of things" that it must, in the progress of humanity from its childhood, wherein the intellect was dormant, the unselfish affections and the conscience undeveloped give place to the equal right of all to self government. Whether the times are ripe for this advance God knows; and He, who is no respecter of persons, who has the best good of all men and women in His Divine keeping, has this matter in His hands, and will make no mistake!

If this advance is in the way of true progress, it is from God, and no "remonstrance" from the conservative or the fearful can block its wheels for very long.

An increasing number of earnest and thoughtful Christian women, believe that the ballot in the hands of woman is needed to remedy the growing evils which the men alone have failed to hold in check; and so we are waiting reverently, and trustingly, as the Israelites waited by the Red Sea, till His hand shall divide the waters and make a path for us to go forward and possess a land, free from the rum curse, free from the awful injustice of laws to protect men in a vice which destroys a woman soul and body.

But while we wait, we know that every woman living is helping or retarding this reform.

Every young woman who has conquered a place in the world's industries, so she need not marry to be supported, but can wait till the true marriage comes to her; every wife who preserves her own self-respect and individuality and secures the truest respect of her husband, not by waiting upon him like a slave, but by the elevating companionship of a pure and self-respecting woman; every mother, who so wisely orders her home and cares for her children, that her husband, if called to leave his dear ones, knows that he can leave his children and their interests in no wiser or better hands than their mother's; every servant girl in the kitchen, who remembers that her work is dignified and honorable as she makes it so, by her self-respect and faithfulness; in short every woman who is building up a character for truth and self-reliance, is helping on the good work, by raising the standard of woman's capabilities, and preparing herself to discharge nobly the new duties and responsibilities which, according to present indications, are soon to be placed upon her.—Aunt Mercy.

HOME FANCY WORK.

What Can be Done in Leisure Hours by Nimble Fingers.

Pretty Corn Cloth.

Get a square of linen as fine and smooth as possible. Put a hem an inch and a quarter wide around it with a row of hemstitching above. Then have a pattern like or similar to the illustration shown here, stamped

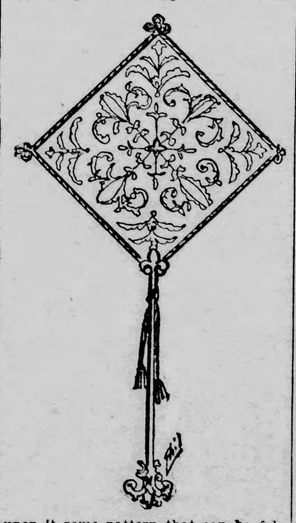
upon it. As may be seen it is a border of the full ears of corn. Work the design in several shades of the delicate silver green so often seen in young corn. The effect upon the pure white linen is very beautiful.

Some Dainty Doyleys.

Cut out of figured linen some doyleys eight inches square or larger it preferred. Draw out three or four threads about one inch from each of the four edges. Make a plain hemstitch. Stamp a circular design in the center and outline in white linen or wash silks in various shades, though white is prettier. After the outline work is completed, make the fringe, which the hemstitch prevents from raveling, at the same time adding a pretty finish to the fringed edges. If you are making a set of doyleys for a June bride a pretty sentiment for one is "Sweetest roses welcome June," and accompanying this motto a few roses are appropriately outlined in delicate shades of pink. Dull red or deep yellow is very pretty for roses, but for a bonnie bride pink is more appropriate.—Primrose.

A Hand-Screen.

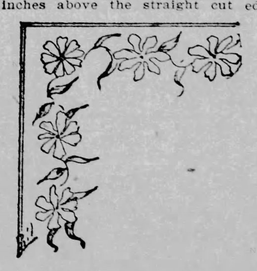
The handle may be purchased at an art store or at a hardware store where are kept fancy articles in that line. Take a piece of plain silk or satin six or eight inches square and draw



upon it some pattern that can be followed in outline with gold or silver cord. Then stretch this upon a square of card board. Have another piece of thin card board covered with the plain silk. Put the two together and sew around the edge, finishing with a heavy cord, knotted at the corners and tied at the handle with a finish of tassels.

White Broadcloth Table-Cover.

A table-cover of white broadcloth is elegant. Take a square of one yard and a half, and decorate it with a conventional border design, set four inches above the straight cut edge.



Work in long-and-short stitch in white or any delicate color of filofloss; work the flower forms well in with the long-and-short stitch, and couch two rows of medium-size gold thread around this. Do the stems in three rows of gold thread couched down, the stitches alternating. Couch the outside line of the leaf with the gold thread, following the outline, and running each line inside of the other, until the four rows are finished, when the end of the thread must be well fastened after being drawn through. Line with India silk to the lower edge of the design. This is very Japanesque in effect.

A Mantel Lambrequin.

It may be made of olive green velvet or plush, decorated with a spray of wild roses done in ribbon work and arasene. Finish the lower edge with fringe. The appearance of a mantel may be improved by having a piece of velvet or plush of the same color and depth of the lambrequin fastened to the wall above the shelf. This makes a good background for paintings, china or vases.

A pretty cushion cover for a small rocking chair is of blue and white ticking. Work the white stripes in briar stitch with different colored wash silks. Tie it to the chair with blue satin ribbon. This cushion cover can be taken off and washed, when it is soiled and will look as nice as when new.

Decorated Clock Face.

Paint the entire face, except the letters, with a delicate shade of green. Trace a design of small flowers and dark green leaves in the open spaces where it will not interfere with the black letters.

Plaster of Paris Plaque.

Get a dish of pretty shape to use for a mold, grease it inside, rub it with paper, and set it where it will be perfectly level. Put one pound of plaster of Paris (or more if the dish is large) in a basin; put just enough water in it to stir smooth, pour it into the dish, and let it stand for a few hours until it will turn out without breaking. Let it dry a day or two, then paint a pretty flower design on it. If you want to hang it up stick in two matches about half an inch apart, when the plaster is wet, and take them out when dry. Draw a silk cord through the holes to hang it by.—Mary.

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

The Blade's Game of "Give and Take."

Helen L. N.:—The editor thanks you very much for your pleasant words of appreciation, and while she is obliged to decline the verses, she joins sincerely in your hope that you may "yet earn a name" for yourself in the literary world.

The editor returns thanks on "Millie's" behalf to "Kate May," Mrs. G. C. M., and H. M. W. for the answers they sent to her question concerning "Tullia," but as the explanation of the picture had already been given, it will not be necessary to repeat it.

Will some one tell me of a new, inexpensive, and "correct" way of entertaining a whist party, given in honor of a friend who is visiting in her old home, after an absence of four years? I have a large house and small means; shall have twelve tables. And what will be the easiest way of introducing my friend?—A Reader of The Blade.

"An Anxious Lover":—1. A minister certainly can perform the ceremony; he will also be able to instruct you as to the proper way of presenting the ring. In choosing your guests, select those from among your friends, and those of your mother, who will be most likely to be congenial to your bride, or upon whom she is likely to be dependent for her social life after the wedding. A written invitation seems the better and less embarrassing way of announcing the festivity. You had better leave the refreshments to your mother (and sisters if you have them), or find out the necessary menu from some friend in society in your own town. There is a table for the "bridal party," usually, where the happy couple, with their attendants, are seated; this you must arrange according to the circumstances of the case. There are so many things to be considered in such an affair, and customs vary so in different neighborhoods that the editor is scarcely able to offer any definite advice; but she assures you that you have her best wishes for a happy future, and trusts "the dearest girl in the world" may find in you everything that a husband should be.

"Elsie S.":—The editor is sorry to disappoint you, but having already refused similar requests, she is obliged to say that she cannot agree to publish selections or forward them to any address.

"A Reader" wishes a remedy for superfluous hair. The request has been so often made and answered that one would think it was "superfluous" to insert it again.

"Listener" would like a remedy for indigestion and torpid liver. The editor has heard that hard cider is beneficial.

"Dreda" tells us how to remove grease from a carpet: 2 ozs. of aqua ammonia, 1 qt. soft water, 1 teaspoonful saltpetre, 1 oz. shaving soap; let stand a few days; shake well and sponge the spots freely. This will remove grease from the finest fabric without injury, and will also kill bedbugs if put in the crevices they inhabit.

The same correspondent says to keep butter a year, one must mix 1 part white sugar, 2 parts best fine salt 1-2 part pounded saltpetre. Wash the butter till free from milk, then use 1 oz. of the mixture to 1 lb of butter; work well, and pack in nice, sweet jars. If the cream is good to begin with, butter prepared in this way will keep sweet in the hottest weather.

To wash all-wool blankets, make a strong suds of water as hot as the hands will bear. Wash the blankets thoroughly, wash them through a second suds, not as hot as the first, but rather soapy, and hang them out. When dry, they will be nice and soft.

Fannie Sory gives the following simple rules for the benefit of a correspondent who asked for a cure for consumption: drink mullein tea every night, and smoke the leaves, in haling the smoke. I exercise my lungs daily, by throwing my arms backward and forward, and carry myself erect, as stooping is very injurious to weak lungs. My diet consists of Graham bread, oatmeal, chicken, and other light, easily digested food. By following this treatment, and being careful not to expose myself to the night air, I have improved gradually, though I had every symptom of the dread disease, and physicians or medicine did not benefit me in the least. A hot brick applied to the chest gives relief, and cold sage tea drank at night is a remedy for night sweats.

"Black-eyed Jennie" says coal oil and lard is a remedy for chilblains, but neglects to give any proportions.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Come Out as Fresh as Ever After the Recent "Rainy Season."

It would be hard to find a sunnier, gayer spot in these United States than the Merry-Go-Rounds this morning. Miss Prudence could scarcely believe that for the past week the skies had been weeping and humanity had been going about like the "old man all clad in leather," for here was a very "garden of girls," with a sprinkling of boys, just to tone down the general brilliancy; the cogs of the machinery had been oiled; the "motive power" freshened with a peck of oats, and the "band" newly tuned; and away she went, with her young friends filling every seat, and all in the best of spirits.

A breath of spicy fragrance called Miss Prudence's attention to a "Mountain Pink" from Missouri, who made her bow to the circle, and thinks with "Hazel" that "Excelsior" would be a good motto for the girls. She finds "Josiah Allen's Wife" very entertaining, and would like to know how many of the girls have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" her favorite authors are Mrs. Alden and Charlotte M. Braeme, and she is willing to correspond. She received a cordial invitation from all present to come again soon and often.

"Red Feather's Boy" came from far-off Oklahoma to give this good advice to the girls:

"Girls, I admire your pluck; be lawyers, doctors, clerks, typewriters, what you will, but never forget to be gentle, womanly women. Ballot reform will come through the purity and nobleness of womanhood." That boy's mother should be proud of him; Miss Prudence is, and hopes he will "drop in" frequently.

"Goldie," steps in a minute to say: "She agrees with Bittersweet in all she says, and intends to vote if she ever has a chance. She likes Miss Alcott's stories because they are so true to nature, and thinks that the ideal boy will be honest; will not play cards or use bad language, and that both boys and girls should obey their parents. Although her stay was limited, Goldie made a good impression on Miss Prudence and the circle, all of whom hope to see her again.

No less a personage than "Queen Mab" herself favored the circle with the following opinions: She hopes Carl and Blue Jay may find their ideals, but thinks it doubtful; she expresses her commendation of "Tamarack," and says she is fond of reading, preferring prose to poetry. She is a teacher who likes her work very much indeed, and she will be pleased to correspond with any of the "associate members" of the circle.

"Beryl Huntington" claimed a seat next "Irene" because of their mutual admiration for Augusta Evans's works. She has a high opinion of the lady's writings and of their effect upon the minds of her readers. She says:

"The sympathies of the reader are generally with the heroes of the book he is reading and their characters are more or less assimilated by him. It is reasonably certain that in reading a good book we are storing our mind with useful knowledge and general information, and I think that life is too short for use to spend our time in reading literature of a doubtful character, when there are so many good books around us that are waiting to be read."

"U. No. Hoo" brought in a capital design for a badge and motto for the circle. He says: "My plan for a badge is this: A red M, white G and red R on a blue ground. "Friendship for all, malice toward none" would be a good motto. There is a deal of meaning in those six words, and they were spoken by one of America's greatest men."

Miss Prudence received the following farewell address from Carl with heartfelt regret and cannot but hope that his decision may be altered, and that we shall hear from him frequently in the future. "Carroll" was another correspondent who "took to himself" some of the "shafts of irony" that were aimed at "Carl," the similarity in the names, leading to the mistake; but as both were good writers, and both chose the same line of reasoning, Miss Prudence did not think it necessary to interfere until now, when she does so in answer to a question from "Carl," whose letter in full is given below.

LITTLE GIRL'S COSTUME.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: By way of suggesting an answer to those who wish to know if Carl was really in earnest about "Miss Ideal," let me ask a question: Do you think "the peerless she" would be a whit more impossibly perfect than some of the ideal young men the young ladies described to us? If the contract between yourselves and my ideal be great consider how great a gulf lies between the real men and your ideal ones. To continue the discussion of a subject quite familiar to all of our circle let me suggest to the young ladies that if they are considering the advisability of reforming the young men they had best not stake all of their happiness on the chances of success. The man who really intends to reform should not expect his full reward until his reformation is complete.

And now, with best wishes to Miss Prudence and you all, I write my farewell and probably for the last time you see the name of "Carl."

Miss Prudence thinks that signature "hath a savor of Micawber," and perhaps Carl will relent after all.

"Carroll" says: "I am somewhat amused, yet proud of my lady critics; I am loyal to my ideal, for it is not the good qualities that she possesses that constitute the real difference between civilized and uncivilized life, and would they not, if women had the right of equal suffrage, better enable them to enjoy and to judiciously exercise the right? Show me one among the many noble women of America who have fought the most heroically for their rights who did or does not possess all the good qualities and even more than those attributed to my ideal.

JUST LOOK AT ME!

Ferne Hazleton chose J. A. Garfield for her hero, and bases her claim for his heroism on the following grounds:

James A. Garfield has furnished to the people of the United States one of the brightest and noblest examples of American citizenship. Over his great talents was shed the lustre of noble activities. Of all our public men of recent times Garfield was, in a certain sense, the most American. He suffered all the hardships of the common lot, and was not unacquainted with poverty, orphanage and toil. His advantages and opportunities in early youth were far inferior to those of the average school-children of today; yet, strong and self-reliant, he left his home determined to make his way in the world, and how well he succeeded the pages of history record. A brilliant scholar, statesman, and general, he carried into public life, even to the highest seat of honor, the calmness and simplicity of a man of the people. A Christian in full meaning of the word, his influence over human hearts was magnetic. He had no enemies, and the hand that slew him was not the hand of his enemy, but rather the enemy of his country, the enemy of his God. Well may it be said of our "Martyred Garfield:"

"This man hath reared a monument more grand
Than sculptured bronze, and loftier than the height
Of regal pyramids in Memphian sand,
Which not the raging tempest nor the might
Of the loud Northwind shall assailing blight."

"AN UNOFFICIAL PATRIOT"

NEW WAR STORY BY THE FAMOUS AUTHOR, HELEN GARDENER.

It Follows in Strong and Vivid Language the Dramatic Incidents of a Checkered Career.

To those who, with heroic fortitude, have faced the question involved; to whom was and is unknown the narrow vision which results in bitterness; who do not reckon upon great sociological problems in the evolution of the race as mere political capital; who are able at once to comprehend and to respect divergent opinion, and who do not brand as moral turpitude all that falls outside the scope of their own experience or preference; this volume is dedicated, in the hope that it may make plain some things that even the conscientious historian has failed to understand or record, and upon which literature is so far silent.

Such are the words with which Helen Gardener introduces her latest book, "An Unofficial Patriot," to the

HELEN H. GARDENER.

public. It is a story of the war, of those days, which even at this distance, thrill by their recall, all who lived through them with memories of the drum-beat and bugle-play that summoned loved ones where shot and shell were no respecter of persons; when hearts sickened with apprehension lest the lightning flash from the battle-fields would bring an agony from which there was no escape.

Back to the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four, when "the great sea of Methodism first began to beat with a force that was like a succession of mighty tidal waves upon the previously placid state of Virginia," the wheel of time is turned to the youth of Griffith Davenport when he was receiving the training that made a life of such peculiar "trials, complications and vicissitudes." In strong, vigorous, idiomatic English, a picture is set before the mind's eye of a youth brought up to believe slavery was a God-made institution and the Episcopal church the one single pathway to Heaven. That there could be any doubts in regard to either matter had not entered into the boy's thought. He had expected as a finality that to which custom had inured him as we are all prone to do.

Then there came a change. "Upon this placid, established finality of existence it was, then, which descended a cyclone. Formalism in religion had run its course. The protest was swift, impassioned, sincere. Vigorous, earnest, but often unlearned men sprang into prominence at a single bound. Arguments arose. Men began to ask if the Almighty was pleased with forms in which the soul was dead—if mere words, and not sincere emotion of the heart, gratified God? Was it worship to simply read or repeat the words of another? Must not one's own soul, mind and heart furnish the key, as well as the medium, to aid in real devotion? Had the letter killed the spirit?"

Griffith listened to all this from the new religious teachers to whose meetings he had gone in a spirit of fun, and after pondering over the matter "had, at last tremblingly, passionately believed," to the end that his whole life was changed from that time onward. So strong was his new faith that he gave to it his whole future, by being baptized and becoming a circuit Methodist preacher.

The reader follows with the strongest interest the young man through the years in which he rode over the hills and adown the valleys of his native state, carrying his glad tidings to old friends and new, until love and marriage came, and made another change in his life. The wandering from place to place was given up, and he settled down not far from his old home with the maiden of his choice, greatly to the delight of his father and the people who had known him from babyhood.

Up to this time the great question of the ownership of slaves, of whether he, as a minister, and finally as a man, had a right to hold his fellow beings in bondage, had not really come up to him for a settlement. He had often gone over the ground in his mind, and had watched with anxiety the course of events which tended to the great struggle whose shadow was rising above the horizon, but the years went by without the trial to his moral strength which he saw dimly in the near future.

At last the moment came, and he found himself so environed by circumstances that he could not act up to his highest ideal of right. This chapter in which is described the perplexities of the conscientious owners of slaves at that time, is a very strong one.

The strongest part of the book, however, that which none can read unmoved, is the latter half, when the sons of this man, who had already sacrificed so much for conscience's sake, had gone with his consent into the army and were at the front fighting to preserve the Union. Surely nothing more could be demanded of him who had already done so much, yet there was something remaining which seemed almost the hardest of all, the bitterest drop in the cup that was already full to overflowing. He was ordered to Washington by the President and commanded to go to Virginia, there to use the knowledge which he had gained of the hills, the mountains, and the valleys in the old days of his circuit riding, in guiding the Union forces from place to place as they needed to go. He was to lead a hostile army to the homes of his old friends and neighbors whom he still tenderly loved, to do what would make them loathe him utterly and always.

The bitter agony which swept over him when Lincoln made it evident that this was a duty, may be imagined. It is in the part dealing with this incident that a magnificent word portrait of old Abe is shown.

"An Unofficial Patriot" is a strong presentation without prejudice of what it cost the Southern man to be true to the Union; of what it meant for him to be true to an ideal, when it was opposed to the sentiments of all who were endeared to him by association from childhood; and also showing that such men were sometimes greater in patriotism than they who were leading the armies.

From the author I learn that "An Unofficial Patriot" is to be dramatized by Mr. Hearn, and no one can doubt the success of the play.

The book is brought out by the Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A Historic Relic.

An original certificate of membership in the Order of the Cincinnati issued to a signer of the Declaration of Independence and signed by George Washington, was recently sold at Wilmington, Del., for $32, probably less than a tenth of its selling value had bidding been pressed.—Dayton Journal.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Deep Sea Play.

Away down deep in the shining sea
Dwelt a merman's little maid;
She lived there every bit of her life,
And wasn't at all afraid.

A wonderful cavern of sparkling rock,
With floors of crytal and pearl,
And walls bedecked with radiant gems,
Was the home of the wee fish-girl.

In a pretty spot of cavern wide
Was a cute little corner of green,
And here she gathered her playthings queer—
The queerest that ever were seen.

There were sea-weeds and shells of the loveliest hues;
There were all sorts of livings things
That have their homes in the deep, deep sea;
There were jewels and chains and rings;

Pieces of anchor and bits of rope;
Bottles of green and brown—
In short, a mixture of everything
The great salt waves brought down.

And what she did the livelong day
Was what little girls love to do;
She played at keeping sea-children's school,
With the aid of a dolphin or two.

The little sea maid was the principal;
The dolphins were teachers, too;
They gathered the small sea-urchins about,
And told them what to do.

The fishes and snakes must swim in rows,
While every crawling thing
Must sit on end as well as it could,
And do its best to sing.

It was dreadful work for the teachers, of course,
To keep order in such a school—
There was so much slipping and wriggling about,
And so little attention to rule.

But the wee mermaid enjoyed the fun,
For she didn't know any better,
And her world, after all, was much like ours—
Only a great deal better.
—S. K. Simons in Golden Days.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

It was raining and I had to stay in the house; I wanted to go down to the store, but my mother said I was too young to become a store-loafer just yet.

Aunt Hettie was there, and she asked me if I had ever seen a skeleton in the closet? I promptly answered, "No," and, as usual, had plenty of questions to ask. "Had she seen one? Where was it? Who did it belong to?"

She said she had one, and would show it to me, and though this nearly scared me I studied for a few minutes and having decided it must have been always kept pretty well locked up was ready to risk seeing it.

I did not think it could be anything very serious, for I had never seen it, or noticed the little worry-wrinkles and sorrow-lines on my Aunt's face.

"Last night," said she; "the skeleton at my house got loose about bedtime, it worried me until 2 o'clock this morning, when worry left me, but sorrow took its place and that lasts a long time.

"My skeleton is one of the worst kind; it destroys hope, love, ambition; it bars some people out of Heaven. Now it does not rain so hard, come home with me, and I will show it to you, but you must be very quiet for the skeleton has taken possession of the house."

Boys, I was shaking in my boots! If I had been a girl I would have run!

The blinds were down, the birds asleep, the cat gone, and I tell you things looked gloomy. Aunt Hettie opened the door of the sitting-room that is generally so bright and pleasant; it was dark in there, but a fire was burning in the stove, the air smelled a trifle queer, and the couch was wheeled out to the center of the room.

She opened the blind a little, and beckoned me to her side. I could scarcely walk! I vowed never to look for another skeleton, and to give up running off to the Wild West and becoming a second "Buffalo Bill." Oh! I thought a whole volume while I was crossing that room.

"Now, I will show you for your own good all that is visible of my home skeleton! Hush! Don't waken him; come, do you smell anything?"

Here she stooped down and handed me something from under the couch; I came very near jumping and yelling, but I managed to hold on to myself and took the thing.

"There," she said, "is the backbone; that is what holds the skeleton together, and gives it power to lewer pride, break up homes, and destroy souls; that is what prompts it to put out the fire, break the windows, make holes in the roof, smash the furniture, starve the family and often commit murder! Come, quick! let us get out of doors where the air is pure and God's sun is shining!" And I did get out, and the thing I had in my hand, the backbone of the skeleton that lives in my Aunt's home was—a whiskey-bottle.—"Nex."

TOMMY'S LONESOME DAY.

Tommy Dodds had a sore throat, and he couldn't play in the snow. His mamma gave him a scrap-book, a bottle of mucilage, some "lovely pieshers" and a sunny corner of her sitting-room.

Into the scrap-book, zigzag, topside down, the "pieshers" of lovely ladies big ships and wild animals were arranged just as Tommy's taste suggested.

A friend of mamma's called, somebody whom Tommy admired ever so much. Why not decorate her, too? So, while pretty Miss Susie talked, the small artist worked with paste and brush upon the folds of the "shiny" new satin dress.

"Don't she look fine, though," said Tommy, admiring the group of cats, elephants and mice the young lady was innocently and unconsciously wearing "down town." Unfortunately, mamma's argus eyes had not seen this proof of her small son's artistic work.

The cat, dog and parlor walls were not neglected, and, as grandpa slept in his easy chair, another idea came to Tommy.

How nice to ornament the smooth, bald head with a motherly hen and chickens. And grandpa slept on, never heeding the light touch of the paste-brush and Tommy's small fingers.

Uncle Ray came in, natty and trim in his new light suit. As he lingered long before the glass, 'twas only the work of a moment to decorate the lavendar-colored trousers with a pair of ferocious-looking lions.

"Oh, my! Uncle Ray, you do look just splendid!" and Tommy clapped his chubby hands together.

"You think so, Tommy?" and the young man laughed good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes, an' I've pasted 'em facing each other; looks as if they are 'most ready to jump!"

"Who—what—where——" and Uncle Ray looked inquiringly at his young nephew.

"The lions—I pasted 'em on while you twisted that mustache," and Tommy began to wish he hadn't.

"You are a meddlesome monkey!" and Uncle Ray angrily snatched the offending "pieshers" from his new spring suit, looking daggers at the small offender.

Just then mamma came back into the room.

"Sister, Tommy has——"

"Mamma, I only wanted——"

"Daughter," said grandpa, roused from his nap, "my head feels queerly."

"Yes, yes, I see," and mamma looked at the cat and dog, all paste and "pieshers," her beautifully-white walls showing Tommy's handiwork, grandpa's pasty head, and the soiled spots upon the new clothes, and somebody was banished to the children's room to think it all over.

"Oh, dear me, it's lonesome! Wish't I hadn't done so much mischief. What if gran'papa takes cold in his head! Oh, dear me!"—Ella Guernsey in Chatterbox.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born at Urbino in 1483, and in 1497, on the death of his father who was his first instructor, he became the pupil of Perugino, the most distinguished painter of the period. In 1504 he visited Florence, where he seems to have lived until 1508 when he went to Rome on the invitation of Pope Julius II. His works are generally divided into three classes, each of which has its devoted admirers. Those who incline to art employed in the service of religion prefer the style he employed under Perugino, many connoisseurs hold that his third style which is distinguishable in the works executed by him in Rome correctly embody the highest art, while his middle or Florentine style is admired by some as exemplifying his powers freed from the rigid manner of Perugino and untainted by the conventionalities of classic art. In all these styles he has left works of great excellence, and is ranked by almost universal opinion as the greatest of painters. He died at Rome on April 6, 1520, the anniversary of his birthday.

"DIAVOLO."

2.—WORD SQUARE.

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1.—A liquid measure.
2.—A fossil used as a pigment.
3.—Habitation or dwelling.
4.—A fortification.
5.—To run, to tend.

"BELLE N. Y."

3.—PRINTER'S PI.

"Neo sewinteyes si tebrte ahtn nto hyreasas."

"NEMO."

4.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

I loaded a stick of timber 24 feet long and of uniform size from end to end, on a wagon; it extended two feet in front of the center of the forward axle and six feet back of the hind axle. What number of feet in length did each axle support?

N. HOLT.

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell us about "Sisyphus" and his "steady occupation?"

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Answers to Puzzles—May 24.

1.—Elihu Burritt "The Learned Blacksmith."

2.—"Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving.

"Biglow Papers," by James R. Lowell.
"Snow-Bound," by John G. Whittier.
"Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain.
"Paradise Lost," by John Milton.

3.—Pope, pomp, pipe, prunes, Peru, supper, sin, purse, pin, fun.

4.—Form these words into a square: Circle, Icarus, rarest, create, luster, es

News of the Week.

IN BRECKINRIDGE'S DISTRICT.

W. C. Owens Threatens to Kill an Editor.

Louisville, June 1.—A special to the Post from Lexington, Ky., says: A most sensational and exciting scene room of Charles C. Moore, editor of the Blue Grass Blade. There were present W. C. Owens, candidate for Congress against Breckinridge; C. C. Moore, Gen. W. H. Gentry and J. Walter Leake, a friend of Mr. Owens, and a correspondent of the Post.

Owens said to Moore: "I have come to see you about the lying, scurrilous letter which I understand you have received from Jetts station, postmarked Georgetown, in which my character is attacked in a most shameful manner.

HON. W. C. OWEN.

You say you believe the letter to be a forgery, and yet you will print it this afternoon in the Blade.

"I have this to say: We have been both men of peace, and I have tried to do right, but if you publish that letter, we will be so no longer, and you must stand the consequences.

"If published, it will reflect seriously on ladies of Frankfort, and will besides be sent to my mother and sisters. That I cannot and will not stand. What I have to say to you is that I ask no favor of you; do not want you to defend me, and will not have that letter published and scattered broadcast, when I have already denounced everything in it and any one who circulates it is a liar and a scoundrel."

Moore began to explain that he was doing this to defend Owens, but Owens shut him off saying that he did not want to be defended by Moore.

Then Moore asked to be allowed to read the letter, which he did. The letter was dated Jetts, Ky., May 27.

Moore had headed it: "How Bill Owens Is Everlastingly Ruined."

The letter makes grave charges against Owens of immorality and gambling, and is signed L. Crutcher. The postmark of the letter is Georgetown, and the postmaster of that place has just come in to say that the postmark stamp is a forgery. Moore then backed down, and said if Owens would not publish he would not publish the letter. To this Owens replied that he would say nothing, but the letter had better not be published. Moore then agreed not to print it.

The original copy of the letter will be placed in the hands of a detective, and the author ferreted out. Moore kept the original, although Owens asked him for it, and said he thought he knew where it came from.

There is no doubt that Moore would have been killed if he had not backed down.

SALOON KEEPERS BARRED.

Catholic Societies Will Not Admit Them.

Columbus, O., May 30.—The Catholic Knights of America, with a membership of 2,000 in Ohio, began their annual state convention here yesterday. In the welcome address, delivered after high mass had been celebrated, Bishop Watterson very emphatically declared that he would absolutely refuse to grant permission to establish in his diocese any new Catholic society, or any branch of an old organization, unless assured that no saloon keeper or any person engaged in the traffic in malt or spirituous liquors would be allowed to become a member.

The objects of the organization are benevolence and social and fraternal friendship. The state officers are: President, Frank Hunter, Sidney, O.; vice-president, M. J. Thompson, Toledo, O.; secretary, J. F. Ankenbur, Cincinnati, O.; spiritual director, Rev. P. J. Cusac, Lebanon, O. The spiritual adviser heads the list of officers in authority.

Y. M. C. A.'S CELEBRATE.

Their Fiftieth Anniversary the Occasion of Rejoicing.

Chicago, June 4.—A meeting to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Y. M. C. A. was held yesterday afternoon in the lecture room of the association building. Rev. David Beaton delivered an address on the origin and growth of the association. Walter M. Wood spoke on the "Business management supervision and action extension of the association."

The next speaker was R. W. Hare, who discussed the methods used by the association in reaching young men.

J. O. Morris spoke on the "Cause for Thanksgiving in this half century of history."

At noon Wednesday a jubilee thanksgiving service will be held at the association headquarters.

THEY WANT JOHNSON ISLAND.

Both Hawaii and Great Britain Are Anxious to Take Possession.

San Francisco, June 4.—Johnson Island, the prize for which Hawaiian advices intimate the provisional government and England are striving in an ocean race between the steamer Iland and her majesty's steamship Champion, has been the subject of considerable discussion in the past two years.

The island was discovered in 1820 by her majesty's steamship Cornwallis and named after the captain of that ship. It was examined in 1859 by Lieutenant Brooke of the United States schooner Fenimore Cooper. It is situated 16.44 n., 169.20 w. It is described as being a lagoon island with a reef of quadrilateral form.

DISASTER AT OTTUMWA, IOWA.

A Fire Kills and Injures a Number of People.

Ottumwa, Iowa, June 4.—A disastrous fire occurred here yesterday, and five blocks are a mass of charred timbers and debris. One person was burned to death, one fatally affected by smoke, and three others were seriously injured.

The five blocks destroyed by the flames contained fifteen business houses and dwellings. The loss is estimated at $225,000, with about one-third covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have originated from the spark of a locomotive.

BIG FIRE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Part of the Town of Laconia Burned Out.

Laconia, N. H., June 4.—At 3 o'clock yesterday morning fire broke out in the paint shop of the Laconia car works and destroyed $100,000 worth of property. The paint shop, the foundry, the erecting shop, two of the company's tenements, the store houses and stables, all were rapidly fired by the flames. After practically wiping out the fire plant, the fire attacked the refrigerator buildings of Swift's Beef company, levelling them and entailing a loss of $11,000. Insurance, $5,000.

ON ACCOUNT OF HARD TIMES.

Miss Willard Returns Her Salary to the W. C. T. U.

London, May 30.—Miss Frances Willard announces that owing to the financial stress in the United States she returns to the National Women's Christian Temperance union her last two years' salary, which she has received as president of that organization.

THE FLOOD IN COLUMBIA.

The Worst of the Disaster Is Yet to Come.

Portland, Ore., June 2.—The flood in the Columbia continues to increase, and the indications are that the worst is yet to come. Thursday the Upper Columbia at several points was at a standstill, but reports last night were that the river is again rising about one foot in 24 hours. The river is more than a foot higher than ever before known, and the damage will be immense.

The fertile bottom lands along the river from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, a distance of 600 miles, are all inundated. Crops are ruined, houses washed away, and stock drowned. The flood has come gradually, which has given residents an opportunity to move household goods to places of safety, and in most instances stock has been driven to higher ground. The salmon canning business has been almost annihilated. Fish and canning establishmenst along the river for a distance of 200 miles are under water. Telegraphic communication to the north and east is cut off except by a roundabout way.

Along the Union Pacific from this city to Umatilla about twenty miles of track are under water. They have established steamboat service, which enables them to carry the mails and passengers. The Northern Pacific does not attempt to operate its line between this city and Globe, a distance of 40 miles, but makes connection by the large transfer boats. In this city the water has risen into basements as far back as Ninth street, and more than half the elevators in the city are stopped for want of power.

Sauvies island, a few miles below Portland, is almost entirely under water. Many buildings are afloat. Crops are ruined and other property is damaged. The losses will aggregate a quarter of a million.

An Inland Sea.

Tacoma, Wash., June 2.—Ninety-five miles of Northern Pacific track between Horse Plains, Mont., and Hope, Ida., are under water. Definite flood news was received late last night on the arrival of three detained Northern Pacific overlands. Col. F. D. Huestis, the railroad builder, was a passenger. He says the water was still rising when the train left Hope. Hundreds of farms along Clark's Ford are under from four to six feet of water. Settlers rushed to the highlands, but hundreds of cattle and horses were drowned. Several bridges have been washed out.

WATERS CONTINUE TO RISE.

Great Damage May Ensue at Portland, Oregon.

Portland, Ore., June 4.—The waters steadily continue to rise. Since last night six inches have been added to the depth. No news can be obtained from the upper Columbia region or the Puget Sound country. The only telegraphic communication with the outside world is by way of San Francisco. The Union Pacific steamer Harvest Queen, which left Portland Sunday for the Cascades, was unable to make headway against the swift current, and was tied up at Bonneville for the night. From the mouth of the Willamette to Cathlamo, the lowlands are flooded. At some places the house tops are barely visible, and floating houses are a common sight. The town of Kalama is entirely under water. In this city many wharves along the river front are snapping and cracking in an ominous manner. On nearly all them are valuable goods which cannot be removed at present. The gas company was compelled to cease operations today.

TWO THOUSAND FAMILIES

Are Homeless on Account of the Fraser River Flood.

Vancouver, B. C., June 1.—The Fraser river rose ten inches at New Westminster yesterday and last night. The water was three inches above the highest historical mark. The flood is still rising. From points further up the river come reports that the river is nearly two feet higher than has ever been know. Fraser valley for a hundred miles has been inundated. So great has been the destruction that ocean steamers passing in through the straits San Juan de Fuca are now encountering floating roofs and barns and carcasses of hogs, sheep, and cattle that have passed out of the river with other debris from the valley.

It is estimated that over 2,000 families are homeless, and that a property loss of fully $3,000,000 has been suffered. Steamers from the rivers and Puget sound are still being pressed into the work of rescue. Though no more lives have been lost during the last two days, there have been many narrow escapes and thrilling experiences. Many families have been driven from their houses. One steamer brought 207 settlers from Westminster late last night. Among them was the family of a rancher from near Langley. The man had built a raft on which he put his family and ten blooded horses. They were rescued in mid-stream after having floated ten hours.

At many points there is great destitution among the unlucky settlers who have fled from their homes.

The result of the flood, it is now seen, will be to utterly stop all farming operations along the Fraser river for this season, and the natural result will be a fearful trade depression in the cities of New Westminster and Vancouver, which depend entirely upon this.

THE FLOOD IN COLORADO.

Its Disastrous Effects Upon the Railroad Property.

Denver, Col., June 4.—J. E. Murden, contracting for the Union Pacific, is in the city, having walked all the distance from Central City to Golden. He said:

"No one can conceive of the destruction in that part of the country. Every mine in Central City and vicinity is flooded, and there is not a vestige of Place's mine left in Clear Creek. Between Central City and Forks Creek there are twenty-eight washouts, averaging from ten to fifty feet in width.

"Between Idaho Springs and Golden there are thirty-six washouts. The mining men in Central City estimate the loss to the county at $500,000. It is not known when the Gulf will commence running trains again to Central City and Georgetown, but it may be a week or ten days yet. Of course this estimate is based on the assumption that the creek will not again rise."

AT IDAHO SPRINGS, COL.

Fearful Damage Wrought by the Flood There.

Idaho Sprngs, Colo., June 2.—The damage by the flood in this county is estimated at $100,000. The storm was the longest and most disastrous in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. On the mountain tops, instead of rain, eighteen inches of snow fell.

Almost all the bridges over Fair creek and its branches have gone, some houses were washed away and mines flooded. There have been no there will probably be none for several trains in or out for two days and days yet.

Big Damage at Cedar Creek.

Golden, Col., June 1.—The flood in Clear Creek caused damage to the amount of $20,000 to Coor's brewery, and other property in this city. Many people had to leave their houses. At Ralston, north of Golden, about 40 people were driven from their homes by the bursting of several artificial lakes. They sought refuge in a house which they thought on sufficiently high ground to be safe. The place was surrounded with water, and the inmates imprisoned 24 hours.

CONGRESSAN HOUK'S PLAN

A Bill to Reimburse the Soldiers of the Rebellion.

Washington, June 5.—Representative Houk, of Tennessee, has introduced a bill to reimburse the soldiers of the rebellion or their heirs for the average annual difference between gold and the value of the paper currency in which they were paid.

A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

Dedicated at Richmond, Va., on Memorial Day.

Richmond, Va., May 30.—The dedication of the Confederate monument to-day was a notable event. General Rosser was the orator. The site is on Libby hill. Richmond's city council donated the site and contributed $5,000 to the fund, the state appropriating $3,200 for the Virginia stone, and some $8,000 or $10,000 were raised by public subscription, the cornerstone was laid with imposing ceremonies and the erection has taken a year.

The stone work is a reproduction on a reduced scale of Pompey's Pillar, and the site is one of the most beautiful and commanding in the city. From its situation on Libby hill, a tall bluff rising from James river, there is a panoramic view of all the surrounding country. It is 70 feet high, is composed of 13 massive stones, representing the 13 Confeder-

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

ate states, and the capital is artistically carved. The figure is that of the typical Confederate states, and the capital is artistically carved. The figure is that of the typical Confederate soldier, at rest, but ever alert.

In his right hand he grasps his musket, the butt of which rests upon a stump; his blanket, frequently his only protection at night from sleet and storm, is rolled and crosses his breast, and his left hand clutches the strap of his canteen just above the hip. He looks intently to the front, and is ready for any emergency that may arise.

BOTH THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Were Remembered by Friends at Chicago.

Chicago, May 31.—The 6,000 graves of the Confederate dead at Oskwoods were decorated by the Confederate veterans. A monument of Tennessee marble, costing $20,000, was recently erected in the cemetery to the memof the defenders of the lost cause, and the purpose was to have dedicated the shaft yesterday, but the ceremony was postponed to allow some gentlemen from the South to participate in the exercises. Many packages were sent from various points in the South.

REUNION AT FORT DONELSON.

Confederate Meeting In Commemoration of the Great Event.

Louisville, May 30.—A special to the Courier Journal from Clarksville, Tenn., says: Between ten and twelve thousand were in attendance at the Confederate re-union on the Fort Donelson battle ground yesterday.

The assemblage was addressed by Governor Peter Turney, ex-Congressman John F. House, who made the day's oration, and other distinguished Southerners.

NON-PARTISAN COMMISSION

To Prepare a Code of Laws to Restrict Immigration.

Washington, June 5.—The plan of non-partisan commission to prepare a comprehensive code of laws restricting immigration has been informally discussed at a gathering of prominent Republican representatives. The members met casually in one of the house cloak rooms, but the discussion took such an interesting phase that about twenty members were drawn into it. The cloak room doors were closed, and the informal talk nearly developed into a caucus.

It was the general expression of such men as Messrs. Reed, Dolliver, and Cannon that the immigration question should be wholly divorced from politics. In order to accomplish this, it was suggested that congress should create a national commission of fifteen members, representing all parties, so that the political effects of any restrictive code prepared would not be borne by any one party.

The commission would consider the entire immigration question, changing and amplifying old laws and suggesting new ones. The code thus submitted would be passed on by Congress, and in this way broad restrictive measures might be secured without exciting bitter party animosity.

MRS. BRADFORD'S FINANCIERING.

How She Got Away With $300,000 in Cash.

New York, June 1.—Mrs. Kate Bradford, the Williamsburg woman who created a sensation recently by disappearing from home with large sums of money belonging to her husband and many other relatives and friends, is alleged to have been located in Los Angeles, Cal.

It is said that a letter has been received by one of Mrs. Bradford's friends here saying that she was in that city. Those who have been seen and questioned regarding the letter, however, deny that any such communication has been received.

From the same unauthentic sources it is alleged that Mrs. Bradford's queer financiering enabled her to carry away with her more than $300,000 in cold cash.

IS A PRETTY ROMANCE.

A Rich Danish Heiress Marries a Poor Man In Kansas.

Wichita, Kas., June 4.—Last night Mr. Augusti, a Danish gentleman, arrived in this city from Denmark too late to see Conradi Sworenson before she could marry Wm. Wilson, son of the wholesale drygoods merchant of this city. When Oklahoma opened, Miss Sworenson visited friends at Kingfisher, and Wilson met her there. The girl returned to Denmark and lately she met the father of the groom in New York by appointment. Augusti had been sent after her by the girl's parents and he arrived too late. Wilson and Miss Sworenson were married yesterday at Leavenworth. The girl's parents are said to own an immense estate in Denmark. Her father is a general in the Dahish army.

LONG TERMS IN THE PEN

Given to the Indianapolis Bank Wreckers.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 4.—Judge Baker, in the United States Court today, overruled a motion for a new trial of the wreckers of the Indianapolis National bank, and sentenced F. A. Coffin to ten years and Percival B. Coffin to five years in the penitentiary.

The sentence of Albert S. Rood was suspended. It is believed he will not be sent up. T. B. Haughey, president of the late bank, will be sentenced tomorrow.

The Northern Whig, Belfast, says that the stagnation in the demand for Irish linens, owing to the delay in the disposition of the tariff bill in the United States, is about to compel the failure of one of the oldest and best known firms in Belfast. All creditors will be paid in full.

It is reported at Rio Janeiro that Admiral De Gama will make an endeavor to raise funds in Europe with the purpose of reviving the revolution.

END OF THE TROUBLE AT CRIPPLE CREEK.

Governor Waite, Acting for the Miners, Settles the Dispute—The Terms Agreed Upon.

Denver, June 5.—The strike at Cripple Creek has been settled at a late hour to-night.

The conference began at 8 o'clock. Governor Waite announced to the operators that he was authorized to act for the miners and consideration of the various points was immediately begun. But one point caused serious complication, and that was the time allowed for the lunch. The miners demand 30 minutes, they to pay for the time. The articles of agreement provide that the miners shall work eight hours a day, with 20 minutes for lunch, that they be paid at the rate $3 a day, and that the mine owners, in employing men, shall not discriminate against either union or non-union men. After the conference the governor issued a proclamation calling on the men to lay down their arms. The state militia is to be called on to go to Cripple Creek and assist the sheriff in restoring order.

MINERS AT WINIFREDE, W. VA.

Held a Mass Meeting, but Will Not Strike.

Charleston, W. Va., June 5.—Four hundred miners at Winifrede held a mass meeting, which was participated in by some of the working Winifrede miners. The latter have not yet expressed a willingness to come out, though the proprietors of the mines offer no objection. The sheriff has not yet gone to Winifrede, but is in readiness to start with his deputies at any time.

The Splint coal operators of the Kanawha and New River districts met in this city yesterday and decided to increase the price for mining to two and a half cents per bushel, the price formerly paid. It is thought that this will cause the splint miners to resume, unless the soft coal men prevent them.

THE GOVERNOR IS NOT IN IT.

His Orders Disregarded by Strikers at Scottdale.

Scottdale, Pa., June 5.—The striking coke workers have shown an entire disregard for the governor's proclamation. Yesterday morning nearly 500 strikers assembled in Mt. Pleasant and marched here. Sheriff McCann was here yesterday and posted a proclamation all through the district, warning the strikers against marching.

But little regard is likely to be paid to his proclamation. The notices were posted at every conspicuous place in the neighborhood of coke plants, but they are all being torn down as fast as the sheriff puts them up. It does not seem now as though they would have any effect whatever.

THE MINERS DISAPPEARED

As Soon as the Indiana State Militia Came on the Ground.

Washington, Ind., June 4.—The state troops marched into Clark's station yesterday morning with a Gatling gun to find that only about 50 miners had stayed to face the music. The militia was drawn up in line along the edge of the woods, and Sheriff Leming then read the warrant against the miners for conspiracy, and placed three of the leaders, 'Squire Summers, Dick Cate and John Flinn, under arrest, bringing them to this city yesterday afternoon, and placing them in jail. As soon as the troops were in line, the railroad men at once repaired the track, and loaded cars were taken on West. The thousand miners who were reported en route to Clark's station did not materialize yesterday morning, neither had they collected at any point along the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern, the certainty that the officers intended to enforce the law seeming to quell the rebellious feeling among the men. The miners say that as soon as the troops are withdrawn they will again stop all coal cars, but anticipating this, two companies will be stationed at Clark's until all fear of trouble is past. Everything in this city is now quiet, and there is a general feeling of relief among all classes. Trains loaded with coal were passing through the city all the forenoon.

IN THE COAL CREEK DISTRICT.

The Miners Quit Work for the Second Time.

Louisville, Ky., June 4.—A special to the Times from Knoxville, Tenn., says: All the miners in the Coal Creek district who joined the strike for the second time last week returned to work this morning. The Jellico miners, however, are still out.

A committee of three composed of two Jellico and one Coal Creek miner came to Knoxville this morning and are in conference with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The engineers will be asked to refuse to handle coal mined by "scabs." Everything is quiet and no trouble of any kind is feared.

IMPORTING NON-UNION MEN.

Seven Carloads of Miners Shipped Into Scottdale Friday.

Scottdale, Pa., June 2.—Seven car loads of non-union men were brought into the region by special train yesterday. There were 568 men in all, and principally colored men from West Virginia. The Italian labor agent who brought the men was assaulted last night by strikers, and terribly beaten. John Steilen was also attacked, but was rescued by a deputy. He was brought here last night, and is badly disabled.

John Steilen, a roadman at the Varley works, came to town here last night. He was set upon by strikers, and had to be rescued by the police. Deputy sheriffs had to be called from the Valley plant to take him home. The operators are giving more evidence every day of a determination to run.

NEGROES ARE LEAVING.

They Cannot Stand the Work at Scottdale, Pa.

Scottdale, Pa., June 4.—The negroes brought into the coke regions within the last few days by the Rainey company are now leaving. The cause assigned is that they cannot stand the heavy work.

The operators were expecting large gains to-day from the ranks of the strikers, but not a union man reported for duty, and the men continue to remain firm.

ARE READY TO SCRAP.

Operators at Macon, Mo., Will Resume With New Men.

Macon, Mo., June 1.—The Loomis Coal company has declared its mines open for work, but engaged no miners. The strikers have their guns stacked at their camp outside the coal company's fence, and the officers fear a conflict at any time.

The negroes have plenty of guns at their quarters, and the coal company has hired guards and the deputy marshals are well armed.

Miners Go to Work at Cherokee.

Cherokee, Wis., June 1.—The miners at Fleming have been offered and have accepted 3 1-2 cents in summer and 4 cents in winter, and yesterday went to work.

Coal Miners Return to Work.

Hillsboro, Ill., June 4.—A large proportion of the coal miners here returned to work to-day. Everything peaceable.

OHIO TAX INQUISITION.

Law Declared Unconstitutional by Judge Ricks.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cleveland, June 2.—Judge Ricks in United States Circuit court today rendered a decision which practically declares the Ohio tax inquisition law unconstitutional. The suit was brought on demurrer to restrain the county treasurer from collecting $183,668.50 back taxes. The decision enjoins the treasurer from collecting $600,000 in back taxes from half a dozen big estates.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

What Johnnie Farrall Found In His Old Bible.

New York, May 31.—When the old New York Hotel was closed there had been a free distribution of old Bibles placed in the guest rooms years before by the Bible Society.

It occurred then to Johnnie Farrall, who had managed the cafe for ten years, that it would be a graceful act to have the staff of the hotel put their autographs in the books and present them to the old patrons and guests as souvenirs. So the front pages were duly signed, and as each patron took his farewell drink he was presented with one of the volumes.

Johnnie took one of the Bibles home with him, and his wife in examining the book discovered in a pocket in the back cover a marriage certificate, which stated that on a certain day in March, 1890, Annie Gorman, of Danville, Va., was married to Ralph Preston, of Richmond, Va., by the Rev. D. Deams, of the Church of the Strangers of this city. The young couple had eloped.

The romantic incident had made an impression on the hotel people, and Farrall determined to write to Ralph Preston and tell him of his find. This he did, but received no reply.

Last summer one of the New York dailies referred in a paragraph to the Giving away of the Bibles as a piece of sacrilege. By some strange fate a copy of this paper has recently reached the notice of Mrs. Preston. She in a thoughtless moment while a bride at the old hotel had placed her certificate of marriage in the Bible in her room and had forgotten all about it. Some difference arose between her and her young husband while on their European tour and they separated. While at a small village in Switzerland he was seized with a fatal illness, and in only a few months the young bride found herself a widow.

She returned to Richmond only to find that the Preston family would not recognize the marriage. She had no proof, as both her husband and the clergyman were dead, and has borne this humiliation in silence ever since. When she saw the paragraph about the Bibles the remembrance came like a flash of the disposition she had made of the certificate and with the doubtful hope of finding it she came to New York and called on John Farrall, and was put in possession of the precious document, which not only insures her proper participation in her husband's large estate, but restores her honorable position in society.

Mrs. Preston offered a liberal reward to John for what he had done in the matter, but he refused all recompense, feeling amply repaid by the pleasant results.

PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK.

P. J. Tynan's Long Lost Book, the Famous No. 1.

New York, June 1.—For some months rumors have been current in England and America that the Conservative party in England had obtained evidence which would prove a veritable bombshell in the ranks of the Irish constitutional party, and would result in the defeat of the liberals and the return to power of the conservatives. The evidence, it was said, would prove beyond a doubt that all the charges of the London Times, made in its famous "Parnellite and Crime" articles, were true, and that the Irish constitutional party, through its leaders, had connived at the long series of outrages perpetrated by the "physical force" party in Ireland, of which the murders in Phoenix park, on May 6, 1882, of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Henry Burke were the culminations.

These rumors took form and shape last Friday, when the St. James Gazette announced the near publication of a book written by P. T. Tynan, the famous "No. 1" of the invincibles. The book would, the Gazette stated, give a full history of the Phoenix park murders, and of the whole revolutionary movement in Ireland for the last thirty years.

Tynan's book, which was finished six months ago, was offered in turn to most of the largest English publishing houses All of them declined to handle it.

The fate of the London Times, in being required to pay enormous damages for having printed similar statements was fresh in the publishers' minds, and none of them cared to run such risks. The Times itself did not care to publish the book.

IRON AND STEEL BUSINESS IS BAD

Depressing Effect of the Coal Strike on the Trade.

Cleveland, June 1.—The Iron Trade Review yesterday said: As yet the expected break in the coal strike has not been witnessed. The volume of iron and steel business is shrinking, but solely for the reason that prompt orders cannot be filled and the uncertainties of the future deter many would be buyers from making engagements. The disposition to discount the new tariff bill is more general and would show itself but for the embargo put upon all manufacturing. Bessemer pig scarcely calls for a market quotation, but $13.25@13.50 Pittsburg are reported on transactions involving a few hundred tons, while $12 Pittsburg is the basis of contracts running up to September.

A valley furnace refused $10.50 shipments up to the end of the year, and it is probable most producers would be chary of $11 on such deliveries. In spot billets $19.25 and $19.50 have been done, but there are practically no sales for extended shipment. In sympathy with bessemer, foundry and forge irons continue to show firmness particularly as on some grades of the former furnaces can no longer make shipments.

The new Amalgamated association scale, so far as its provisions have been intimated by delegates to the recent convention is regarded as conservative, and the reduction of 10 per cent in the wages of heaters and rollers indicates an appreciation of the situation confronting the organization.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Awful Railroad Disaster at Marshfield, Wis.

Milwaukee, May 30.—A special to the Evening Wisconsin from Marshfield, Wis., says: Train No. 4, on the Wisconsin Central road was wrecked here at 3:15 this morning, the cars taking fire and resulting in a terrible loss of life. Eight persons are dead and four others are missing, supposed to have been burned to death, and from fifteen to twenty persons are injured, some of them fatally.

At the office of General Manager Whitcomb it was stated that the accident happened at 1:15 a. m. and that the wrecked train was the southbound limited from Minneapolis to Chicago. It was a fairly heavy train and was running at the usual rate of speed when it struck the open switch and went off on a straight piece of level track. The baggage and mail cars, the smoker and second day coach and two of the three sleepers left the track and nearly all the cars except one of the two sleepers were either burned or badly wrecked.

The town of Manville, where the accident happened, was almost totally destroyed by fire last fall and since that time there has been little there except a railway station. It was formerly a lumber center and a large sawmill was operated there.

Receiver Howard Morris was in the rear sleeper and telegraphed the first facts to General Manager Whitcomb.

RICH PLACER FIELDS

Promise a Fortune to Their Discoverers in Idaho.

Boise, Idaho, May 30.—Great excitement prevailed here yesterday over the discovery of rich placer fields south of Idaho county. Prospector Williams, who made the discovery, says he made $100 a day with a rocker, and that there is great wealth of treasure there.

Gold Receipts at the Mint.

Denver, Col., May 30.—The gold receipts at the mint in May amount to $506,923. In May, 1893, the receipts were $99,148, showing a gain for the present month of 411 per cent. But for the trouble at Cripple Creek the receipts would have been larger.

JUDGE JENKINS'S DECISION

Will be Passed on by the United States Court of Appeals.

Chicago, June 2.—The United States court of Appeals decided yesterday that the appeal of the labor organizations from Judge Jenkins' order forbidding them to quit work on the Northern Pacific railway will not go direct to the United States Supreme court, as was suggested by the counsel for the company's receivers to the United States court of Appeals yesterday. After thinking it over, Judges Harlan, Woods and Bunn decided they

JUDGE JENKINS.

would not certify the record in the case to the Supreme court, but would hear oral arguments on the appeal themselves, and also concluded to set the case peremptorily for argument next Monday.

This decision was announced this afternoon by Justice Harlan. It is probable that ex-Senator J. C. Spooner and the other counsel for the railway company will refuse to make arguments before the court of Appeals and will insist on the motion made by Mr. Miller yesterday that the case be stricken from the docket because of non-compliance with the rules of the court, regarding the time of filing the record in the appeal. Counsel for the men will consent to argue the case and will be ready to proceed with their speeches Monday.

HOW A FARMER WAS SWINDLED.

But He Takes His Losses Very Good Natuedly.

New York, May 31.—Elkin Farmer, a retired business man, who claims to be the victim of swindlers to the extent of $10,000, sat writing in his comfortable room on Park avenue, and smiled as he wrote. He did not seem to mind his loss a bit. The tale he told, with a broad German accent, was as follows:

"I was led to invest some $2,500 in a mine," he said with a pleasant, easy smile. "I thought it was a good thing. It was quoted at 30, and I got it at a good deal lower figure through a Wall street broker.

"The broker told me to wire a firm of brokers in Butte City, Mont., for quotations, and I did so. The mines are situated close to Butte City, and are worked to my certain knowledge by a duly incorporated company. He replied that 30 had been offered for the stock out there, and I at once decided to take the chance, and get the lowest price here."

About $2,500 was accordingly invested, and Mr. Farmer still has the certificates in his possession. This happened in March, and a little later Mr. Farmer thought it would not be a bad plan to get some more.

The Butte City firm wrote that he could get some more from a man in Columbus, Ohio. "He is a customer of ours, and has some good lots," wrote the firm.

"I went to the man in Columbus," said Mr. Farmer, "and I found him at the address given." Mr. Farmer says he paid the Columbus man $7,000 in cash for more lots. Shortly afterward Mr. Farmer returned to New York and offered his stock at 30.

The Butte City firm of brokers, however, wrote back that there was no demand for the stock. "I was pretty suspicious by this time," continued Mr. Farmer, with a pleasant smile, "and I became more so when I found that my Wall street broker had left his office and disappeared. I'm afraid I have been duped in the matter, and that my stock is worthless. I think the broker is the chief man in the matter. I think the police in Chicago and Columbus will try to find him. At present I have no idea where any of the men are."

This was all Mr. Farmer had to say. He smiled all the time and seemed to think his loss a mild joke. With that indifference to losses and to gain which is more characteristic of the Eastern than the Teutonic mind, he sat down and continued his writing and his smile."

PRETTY CLEVER SWINDLERS.

Moses and Julia Levy Remanded to Await Their Trial.

New York, June 1.—Moses and Julia Levy, man and wife, have been remanded to the grand jury on complaint of Hoaning, Haus & Curtis, wholesale millinery dealers, charged with swindling operations which it is believed aggregate $100,000.

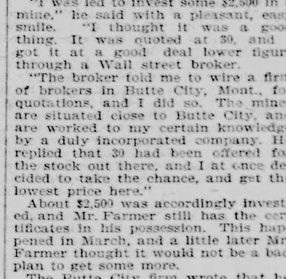
The Levys had a millinery story here and at Troy. Levy, alleging that he was manager for his wife, stated that she had a surplus of $30,000, and in this way bought large quantities of goods on credit from various dealers. The goods were sold by the Levys at such low prices as to attract attention, and last Saturday and Sunday $30,000 worth mysteriously disappeared from their store in this city. It is said over 50 firms have been victimized.

WORKING TOWARD THE CITY.

Forest Fires Are Doing Great Damage In Wisconsin.

West Superior, Wis., June 4.—Forest fires about fifteen miles out of the city on the Northern Pacific have been gradually working toward this city.

Great clouds of smoke obscure the sun. The wind to-day is driving the flames back, but before they can be got under control large tracts of valuable pine will be destroyed. The timber along the Mesaba & Northern is also burning.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FOREIGN.

A TERRIBLE WEAPON OF WAR

Which Would Deal Death and Destruction Everywhere.

Paris, May 30.—The most conflicting reports are in circulation in regard to the invention which M. Turpin, the inventor of melinite, is said to have sold to Germany for five million francs. The invention is described as being calculated to entirely change the system of warfare, and the report of its sale, true or untrue, has caused a sensation in military and diplomatic circles.

One report describes the new engine of warfare as consisting of a mitrailleuse (rapid fire gun) and a shell, adapted to a new description of gun, having automatic means of transport, and which can be turned in any direction while rapidly discharging 20,000 shots over 2,000 square metres of ground. The Turpin mitrailleuse is said to be loaded automatically by an electric motor, and the shell is described as emitting stifling fumes after it has been exploded. Emperor William is said to have bestowed upon the French inventor the title of Chief Engineer of Armaments.

On the other hand it is reported that negotiations for the sale of the new mitrailleuse to Germany have not been completed, and it is also said that Turpin himself has caused the circulation of the reports in regard to the sale of his new invention to Germany, in order to create a scare which will compel the French government to purchase his invention at a very high price.

PREMIER CRISPI RESIGNS.

He Will Not Stay In Office With but Eleven Majority.

Rome, June 5.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day Premier Crispi announced that the cabinet has resigned. The king has reserved his decision in regard to accepting or refusing to accept the resignation of his ministers.

The resignation of the Crispi cabinet was the outcome of the conference at midnight of the ministers who discussed the smallness of the majority by which Signor Crispi's proposal to bring about financial reform was adopted by the Champer of Deputies.

The vote by which the premier's motion was adopted was 235 to 214, a majority of only 11.

A LARGE CUBAN SURPLUS

Which is Due to Raising the Tariff on American Imports.

Madrid, June 4.—It is stated that the Cuban budget will show a surplus of $25,000, attained by raising the tariff on American imports, lowering the export duty on tobacco and sugar, and admitting Spanish wines free, with a view to excluding French and other wines.

GIVE HER ANOTHER WHIRL!

Salvador Has Another Revolution and Turns Out Ezeta.

Washington, June 4.—A dispatch received by the state department from La Libertadad announces that the revolutionists in Salvador have triumphed completely and that President Ezeta has fled the country.

The Revolution in China.

London, June 4.—A dispatch to the Times from Tien-Tsien, China, says that the revolution in the provinces of Kirin and Manchooria is extending greatly. Mounted banditti, armed with repeating rifles, have defeated the imperial troops in every engagement and have occupied several important positions including the Sar Sing arsenal in which 1,000 rifles were stored. The revolution is so alarming that Viceroy Li Hung Chang is gathering a large force of troops to suppress the rebellion.

The Cholera in Russia.

St. Petersburg, June 1.—A decree announces that cholera prevails in the provinces of Orenburg and Radom. Arrivals from China and Japan are treated at the Russian Pacific ports and at the Black Seaports as being infected.

Cholera at Mecca.

London, May 31.—A dispatch to the Daily News from Cairo says it is reported that there has been an outbreak of cholera at Mecca.

M. DUPUY'S CABINET.

The Premier Has at Last Got Ministers Who Will Serve.

Paris, May 30.—M. Dupuy has succeeded in finding the last of the ministers necessary to complete the new cabinet. M. Honotaux has accepted the portfolio of minister of foreign affairs, and Gen. Mercier having taken the portfolio of minister of war, the cabinet is constituted as follows:

Premier, Minister of the Interior and Minister of Worship—M. Dupuy.

Minister of Foreign Affairs—M. Honotaux.

Minister of Public Works—M. Barthou.

Minister of Education and Art—M. Leyquess.

Minister of Commerce—M. Lourties.

Minister of Husbandry—M. Viger.

Minister of the Colonies—M. Delcasse.

Minister of Justice—M. Guerin.

Minister of Marine—M. Felix Faure.

Minister of War—Gen. Mercier.

Minister of Finance—M. Poincare.

DECLARATION OF POLICY

Announced by the Dupuy Ministry to the Chambers.

Paris, May 31.—The declaration of policy of the new Dupuy ministry was read to-day in both chambers. It says that the ministers have accepted office from a sense of duty as patriots and republicans, adding: "We hope that you will assist in dealing with the troubles in the midst of which we have assumed office. We are determined to resolutely preserve public order and to always secure a strict observance of the laws of the republic.

"The government hopes that you will actively assist in the Democratic tasks which should distinguish the present legislature. But it does not propose to add to the present ample programme before the house.

"We shall give our best attentions to the question of old age pensions, and the practical conclusions of the committees upon this subject will prove that the republic does not need to become revolutionary in order to improve the lot of the working classes."

"The chief object of legislation, however, will be the financial problem, as the fiscal reforms which are demanded urgently by the country cannot be postponed. In our opinion the fiscal are the leading social reforms. Republicans may differ respecting the methods, but not respecting the end to be attained, and we count upon the hearty co-operation in this heavy task of all who have faith in the work of the French revolution, and in the destiny of popular government.

WILHELM HAD A

WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, May 29.—The report of the Investigating committee on Sentorial Sugar Scandal, was filed in the Senate yesterday. It was the subject of rather a heated debate between Senators Hill and Allen concerning the matter of proceeding against newspaper men who refused to answer questions. The House debated the bill to repeal the tax on state banks.

Washington, May 30.—Neither house was in session to-day because of Memorial Day observance.

Washington, May 31.—The Senate debated the tariff and voted down a good many amendments. The State Bank Tax Repeal bill was debated in the House.

Washington, June 1.—The features of the tariff debate in the Senate to-day were the speeches of Senators Hoar and Peffer. The House discussed the bill to repeal the tax on state bank issues.

Washington, June 2.—The tariff in the Senate and state bank tax repeal in the House, were the features of the congressional day. Nothing of unusual interest occurred.

Washington, June 4.—Senators debated the sugar and schedule to-day, and the House continued its discussion of the Brawley bill to repeal the 10 per cent circulation tax on state banks. No business of importance was transacted.

THE HAWAIIAN RESOLUTION

Says Citizens of Hawaii Should Govern Themselves.

Washington, May 31.—There was a good attendance on both sides of the political aisle when the Senate met today. Senator Turpie presented a set of resolutions adopted by the legislature of Ohio, protesting against the Russian extradition treaty. Senator Hill then offered his resolution directing the bribery investigating committee to throw open its doors to the public. It went over until to-morrow. Senator Turpie offered a joint resolution declaring that it was no longer to the interest of the United States to continue the treaty with Russia ratified on April 21, and that notice be served upon the emperor of Russia that the United States proposes to terminate that treaty at the expiration of six months, the time required to be given by the treaty. He also reported from the committee on foreign affairs, a resolution, with a unanimous recommendation that it pass, a substitute for the Hawaiian resolution reported some months ago. It made no reference to annexation, and was as follows:

"Resolved, By the Senate of the United States, that of right it belongs wholly to the people of Hawaii to establish and maintain their own form of government and domestic policy; that the United States ought not in any way to interfere therewith, and that interference in the political affairs of these islands by any other government will be regarded as an act unfriendly to the United States."

Senator Mills explained that the resolution did not meet his approval, although he would not vote against it. Believing that this government had overthrown an existing government in Hawaii, he thought it the duty of the United States to tear down the oligarchy set up in its name. The resolution was then passed unanimously, 55 Senators voting for it. Senator Mills did not vote.

SENATOR MORGAN'S AMENDMENT.

Aimed to Prevent the Formation of Trusts.

Washington, June 5.—Senator Morgan yesterday presented an amendment to the tariff bill, directed against the formation of trusts in imported articles. The amendment declares all combinations, conspiracies, trusts, agreements, or contracts to be contrary to public policy and illegal and void when made by persons or corporations engaged in importing articles from foreign countries for the purpose of restraining lawful trade or to increase the market price in the United States of any articles imported or of foreign manufacture into which such articles enter into.

A violation of the provision is made punishable by fine or imprisonment. The seizure of articles imported in violation of this provision is also provided for.

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

The House Will Vote on the State Tax Repeal Bill.

Washington, June 5.—The final vote on the state bank question will be taken to 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. This conclusion was reached after a conference in Speaker Crisp's room yesterday. A rule was thereupon drawn by the rules committee providing for a continuance of general debate Tuesday, debate under the five minute rule Wednesday, and a vote at 4 o'clock. The rule will be presented to the House to-day, and there is little doubt of its adoption.

CONDITION OF THE TREASURY.

Cash Balance at the Close of Business, May 31.

Washington, June 1.—The cash balance in the treasury at the close of business yesterday was $119,062,893, of which $70,280,015 was gold reserve. Advices from New York state that about $1,400,000 in gold was to-day engaged for shipment to-morrow, which, with Wednesday's engagements of $800,000, will leave the gold reserve on June 1 but little in excess of $77,000,000. The cash balance will also be reduced by interest and other payments due to-day to less than $117,000,000.

This will be a reduction in the available cash balance during the month of May of about $8,000,000. The excess of expenditures for the eleven months of the fiscal year will exceed the receipts, and leave a deficit of something over $74,000,000. The treasury officials are beginning to ship small quantities of gold coin from outside subtreasuries to New York to recoup the gold balance there. New York still has about $42,000,000; San Francisco about $11,500,000; and Washington about $5,700,000. Small shipments of light weight gold coin are also being made to the Philadelphia mint, where their value will be ascertained, so as to enable the officials to closely approximate the amount of the appropriation which will be needed to meet these shortages.

Monthly Debt Statement.

Washington, June 2.—The monthly debt statement issued to-day shows a balance in the Treasury of $117,854,325, of which $78,693,267 is gold reserve. Advices of yesterday from New York show that $1,400,000 in gold had been engaged for shipment today which leaves the true amount of the gold reserves on May 31, $77,293,267. To-day's advices show that $2,250,000 had been engaged for shipment to-morrow, which leaves the true gold reserve at the close of business to-day at $75,043,267. This is a loss of gold reserve during the month of nearly $26,000,000. To-day's debt statement shows that the interest bearing debt on June 31 was $635,041,840, an increase for the month of only $460. The debt on which interest has ceased since maturity was $1,858,390, a decrease of $3,640. The non-interest bearing debt was $380,016,329, a decrease of $637,239. The aggregate of interest and non-interest bearing debt was $1,016,916,560, a decrease of $640,879.

The statement of the cash in the Treasury is as follows: Gold, $148,067,816; silver, $512,194,954; paper, $106,681,172; bonds, minor coins, etc., $16,939,320, against which there are demand liabilities aggregating $665,428,828, making the decrease in the available cash balance for the month, $7,243,450.

LOOK OUT, UNCLE SAM IS COMING!

American War Vessels Sent to Korea.

Washington, June 2.—Orders were sent by the navy department to-day to the United States steamer Baltimore, now at Nagasaki, Japan, to sail at once for Chemulpo, Korea, to protect American interests there, advices to the state department stating that there is danger of an uprising of the natives. It will take 48 hours for the Baltimore to reach Chemulpo.

The President Approves.

Washington, May 31.—The President has approved the act to provide for the sale of the remainder of the Otoe reservation in Nebraska and Kansas.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SECRETARY CARLISLE'S STORY.

How He Fixed Up the Sugar Schedule for the Trust.

Washington, June 4.—The Senate investigating committee to-day made a partial report of some of the testimony taken in looking up the manipulations of the Sugar trust with senators. The evidence is that of Secretary Carlisle, Senators Mills and McPherson and Congressman John De Witt Warner. It gives some startling surprises.

Senator Mills denied all knowledge of the reported secret interview of Secretary Carlisle on the sugar question, and said that he and Senator Jones and Senator Vest had prepared

SENATOR MILLS.

the sugar schedule as first reported, and he knew nothing of any memorandum for the sugar schedule from the secretary. He also denied all knowledge of the alleged Sunday conference of the finance committee with those interested in securing sugar legislation. He said he had never heard of members of the sugar trust being in the capitol while he was acting as a member of the finance committee, and that he had never met any of the members of the trust. The letter of introduction was merely a formal note containing only two or three lines. He declined to see Mr. Havemeyer. Senator Mills also denied any knowledge of contributions to the Democratic campaign committee.

Mr. Carlisle's Statement.

Secretary Carlisle's statement as it appears in the published testimony is not materially different from that given to the press officially the day after he was before the committee, but some points are presented in greater detail. His memory does not correspond with that of Senator Jones as to the time and place that he was asked to put the sugar schedule into shape. Mr. Carlisle stated that Mr. Jones had requested him to have the sugar schedule prepared on the morning of Saturday, the 5th of May, and had come to his house for that purpose and had handed him a memorandum stating what he wanted done. He had agreed to do this, as the service was one the Treasury Department was in the habit of rendering the members of the finance committee.

SENATOR M'PHERSON.

After he went to his office he dictated the schedule providing for the ad valorem duty of 40 per cent. and the additional one-eighth of 1 cent on sugars above No. 16 Dutch standard. At 2 o'clock that day he went to the capitol in response to a telephone message requesting his presence, taking the sugar schedule which he had put in shape with him. He found Senators Jones, Vest and McPherson and Representative Breckenridge, of Arkansas, in the room of the Senate committee on appropriations, and Senator Gorman afterwards came in.

"After talking some time," said Mr. Carlisle, "it was suggested by some one—and I am not able now to state by whom, but certainly not by me, for I made no original suggestion about it—that, instead of having 40 per cent. ad valorem upon all sugars and one-eighth of 1 cent additional upon sugars testing above 16 Dutch standard in color there should be a duty of 40 per cent. upon all sugars below No. 16 Dutch standard in color and 45 per cent. on all sugars above No. 16 Dutch standard in color, the additional 5 per cent. being, as you will observe, equal to one-eighth of the 40 per cent. on the other grades.

"That was talked about, and while it was not agreed to—because as I say there were only two members of the finance committee present, Senators Jones and Vest—it seemed to be the impression that they would submit the kind of proposition to the committee. Thereupon some one asked me if I would not write it. I said: 'I will just take this amendment which I have in my hand and interline it.' In addition to that they said they wanted to put into the amendment a clause in relation to the Hawaiian treaty. They wanted to insert a clause that the schedule should not abrogate or in any manner impair the provisions of the Hawaiian treaty, and asked me if I could not write that also. I said: 'I will just take this paper and interline it.' I took out the part which provided for one-eighth of 1 cent per pound additional, and put in the provision for 45 per cent. ad valorem. Then I added to it in my own handwriting—these interlineations being also in my own handwriting—all the provisions contained in it with regard to the Hawaiian treaty just as it is to-day."

Questions put by Senators Allen and Davis developed the fact that Senator McPherson's son had made a profit of about $1,000 on the stock bought on the 22d and sold on the 26th of February.

What Mr. Warner Said.

Congressman John De Witt Warner was examined on the basis of a newspaper statement that an effort which had been instigated by men of great prominence in the Democratic party had been made to cause Mr. Warner to cease his fight for free sugar while the tariff bill was pending in the House. Mr. Warner said that the suggestion had been made to him that if there was not a duty on sugar the sugar trust would beat the bill but he declined to state from whom the suggestion had come, it was from members of the House of Representatives.

Senator Davis asked witness how many times in the course of the consideration of the bill in the House it was intimated to him that persons in the sugar interest had contributed to the success of the Democratic party in New York.

Mr. Warner answered that this phase of the question had frequently been suggested to him, not as information, but as a probability. In regard to the alleged campaign contributions by the sugar trust, Mr. Warner said he had often heard it charged that there was one, possibly amounting to $300,000, but he knew nothing about it. Mr. Warner refused to give the names of representatives and others with whom he had talked, saying that he had conversed with these persons in confidence and that they had given him information rather than attempted in any improper way to influence his course.

GASTON'S TESTIMONY.

He Overheard the Sugar Kings Talking of Their Schemes.

Washington, June 5.—The Senate committee which is investigating the alleged operations of the sugar trust in efforts to influence tariff legislation, resumed its sittings to-day, and Walter Gaston, the wire manufacturer of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was examined as to the truth of the story that he had, while occupying a room at the Arlington hotel, overheard a conversation between members of the sugar trust and United States Senators with regard to the necessity of protecting sugar in the tariff bill.

Mr. Gaston appeared to appreciate the delicacy of his position, and stated that he overheard a conversation on the subject of sugar legislation. The occurrence had been purely accidental and unavoidable on his part. He had come to Washington in March in the interest of the tariff on wire, and stopping at the Arlington hotel was assigned to room 33. The 6th day of that month he spent at the Capitol, and having put in a very busy day, had retired early, about 8 o'clock, after reaching his room at the hotel, and had almost immediately fallen asleep. About 10 o'clock he was aroused by talking in the next room, which seemed to be of an animated character, and was participated in by several persons, the voices of some of whom he recognized. He soon discovered that they were discussing the sugar schedule, and that some of the participants in the conversation were exceedingly anxious that a duty on refined sugar should be provided for. He said also that he had heard the names of certain Senators mentioned in the conversation.

Mr. Gaston was pressed very hard by the committee. He did not refuse to answer any questions, but to a great many queries replied simply that he did not know. He said he was in the room at the Arlington the date named, and supposed that there were Senators in conversation with Mr. Terrell, who occupied the room, because of the knowledge they displayed of what had taken place in the subcommittee on finance that day. He would not say that he had recognized any of the voices. He believed that the bill was then to be defeated, because of his previous knowledge of the power of the sugar interests. He said he had never told anyone that he recognized the voice of any Senators in the room occupied by Terrell. He did not give the name of the Congressman to whom he gave the story, and who in turn told it to Mr. Shriver. He was given until to-morrow to consider whether he would disclose the Congressman's name.

TOM REED'S POSITION

Is Causing a Great Deal of Comment in Washington.

Washington, June 2.—The utterances of ex-Speaker Reed, Senator Lodge, Representative Burrows, Representative Cannon and other Republican leaders in favor of a freer use of silver are regarded in Congressional circles as a revival of the plans and aspirations of James G. Blaine. It is well known that Mr. Blaine's hopes were to unite the nations of the Western hemisphere by intercontinental railroad, reciprocal treaties and a common medium of exchange.

Representative Hitt, of Illinois, who was closely associated with Mr. Blaine, says that the proposition of Mr. Reed is on the lines of Mr. Blaine's policy. The latter was never fully spread before the public, as it had a scope which could be developed only by patience and by slow stages, and Mr. Blaine's health during his later days was not such as to permit him to accomplish the ends he had in view.

"Mr. Reed now represents the proposition with directness," said Mr. Hitt, "whereas Mr. Blaine proposed successive steps which tended toward the same general results. It was Mr. Blaine's belief that the nations of the

THOMAS B. REED.

Western hemisphere should be reciprocally united in their commercial dealings, in their money, in their railroads, and in all lines of action which would make them strong against the rest of the world. Most of the Southern republics were ready for mutual action on silver, as they are silver-using countries, but they were not yet ready for the discriminating tariffs which would cut them off from the import duties on which they largely depend. The reciprocity treaties were a step in the general direction of that mutual co-operation. Mr. Blaine's speeches before the Pan-American conference disclosed that his policy embraced united action on silver, on the tariff, and on all subjects in which Western nations had a common purpose.

A great deal of significance is given the Reed interview by many public men here. For several months there has been a growing sentiment among Republican members in favor of a liberal policy toward silver. Among Mr. Reed's most intimate and constant associates in the House of late have been Representative Newlands, of Nevada, and Representative Sweet, of Idaho, who are radical supporters of silver. The ex-speaker has made a study of the silver question from the standpoint of the miner and Western member until he is said to have a mastery of the intricacies of the question quite equal to that of Mr. Bland.

HATCH ON ANTI-OPTION.

The Missouri Congressman is Going to West Point.

Washington, May 31.—Congressman Hatch, author and champion of the anti-option bill, will leave to-day for the military academy at West Point, where he is one of the board of visitors. He will be gone about a week. His prospective absence has started a report that the anti-option bill would not be pushed to an issue at this session. In this connection Representative Hatch said: "There is nothing in the reports that the friends of anti-option are growing faint-hearted. This was first reported concerning Senator Washburn, but I saw him yesterday, and he was never more enthusiastic than he is now for the bill. "But he does not think it necessary to write a hundred letters and make a speech every day when the bill has not yet reached the Senate. As for myself, I am watching my opportunity to push the bill to passage. There is no use fighting with appropriation bills for the right of way. I will be kept advised while I am away, and if there is any opportunity for getting up the anti-option bill I will return at once. We will try to take it up as soon as the state bank debate closes, but it is not yet settled that we will get ahead of the Indian appropriation bill."

"How soon," Mr. Hatch was asked, "do you expect to overcome delays and pass the bill?"

"I expect to have the bill before the Senate before they close the tariff debate," said he, "so that they can proceed with it any time the tariff is out of the way."

FOR THE FIRST TIME

Grover Cleveland Properly Observes Memorial Day.

Washington, May 31.—Congress rested yesterday and all the government departments were closed, while private business also was generally suspended. Flags hung at half mast on the public buildings and the streets were crowded with uniformed veterans and sightseers. President Cleveland set the example in observing the day, which was generally followed by the citizens. Several members of Congress took part in the exercises in the different cemeteries as orators while among the onlookers were some statesmen who had fought for the confederacy, whatever of bitterness may have been the inheritance from the war seemed to be forgotten, and the graves were decorated with those of their one time enemies. Most of the great generals of the war are buried about Washington, so that friends and former comrades had many conspicuous monuments to decorate. There was a long parade in the morning, participated in by the district military under the command of Gen. Albert Ordway and the G. A. R. posts and the ceremonies at the cemetery began at noon. Short showers fell at intervals, but the rain was not sufficient to interfere with the programmes announced. Elaborate preparations had been made for the observance of the day.

President Cleveland arrived shortly after 12, accompanied by Secretaries Gresham and Morton. The party took seats at the front of the speakers' stand, and was applauded.

Gen. Black and Corporal Tanner, both ex-commissioners of the pension bureau, were in the stand, and later Secretaries Carlisle and Hoke Smith arrived. Hon. Augustus N. Martin, of Indiana, chairman of the House committee on pensions, delivered an eloquent oration, and Col. John A. Joyce read a poem.

President Cleveland sat through the entire programme, which lasted three hours, but did not speak. After the ceremony he drove back to the city with the members of his Cabinet, meeting thousands of people who were driving over to Arlington.

MR. KEIFER'S BILL.

Plan for a National Board of Arbitration.

Washington, June 4.—A plan for adjusting labor differences through a national board of arbitration has been formulated by Representative Kiefer, of Minnesota. The bill provides for the appointment by the President of three commissioners of arbitration. The commissioner of labor is made ex-officio a member of the arbitration board. The governor of a state in which a labor controversy occurs is also a member. The board of arbitration thus consists of five members.

In order to secure the offices of the board, application is first made to the governor in the form of application set forth in the bill. The application may be made by employers or employes. In the latter case, it must be in behalf of at least 50 employes of an organization having 1,000 members throughout the country. If the governor is satisfied that a conflict exists which can not be amicably settled, he applies to the national board of arbitration to take charge of the question.

The board assembles in the state capitol, hears evidence, and arbitrates the difference in the usual manner. Its decisions are made as binding as those of a federal court of law. Provision is also made for enforcing the decision of arbitration. Pending the hearings of the board the governor is clothed with powers to preserve the peace and suppress a strike.

Mr. Kiefer appreciates that the state right argument will be raised against the bill. He has conferred with a number of lawyers, however, and he is hopeful of having the bill conform to all constitutional requirements.

COLORED DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE

Will Hold Their National Convention in Indianapolis in August.

Washington, June 4.—C. H. J. Taylor, president of the Negro National Democratic league, has issued a call for a convention to be held in Indianapolis the second of next August.

The sessions will last at least three days and will be private except to delegates and those securing admission by ticket from the President.

For an Exhibit at Atlanta.

Washington, May 30.—A bill will be presented to the House, prepared by the sub-committee of the House committee on appropriations, calling for an appropriation of $150,000 for a government exhibit in Atlanta and $50,000 for a building.

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE.

Many Pilgrims Visit His Grave Near New Rochelle.

New York, May 31.—The monument near New Rochelle which marks the place where the bones of Thomas Paine once lay was yesterday the Mecca of nearly a thousand pilgrims from Brooklyn. The trip was made in the name of the Brooklyn Philosophical association, and its members and friends.

A special train carried the liberals from the Grand Central station to New Rochelle. Henry Rowley, president of the Philosophical association, did the duties of chairman, sitting in Tom Paine's old chair.

The chairman read a poem written by George F. McDonald. Then Samuel P. Putnam read a poem written by himself. Then came Ingersoll with warm words of praise for Thomas Paine and fiery denunciation of his detractors.

CHICAGO'S GREAT MUSEUM

Dedicated on Saturday Afternoon. Museum in America.

Chicago, June 2.—The Field Columbian Museum, occupying the art building at the World's Fair, was dedicated this afternoon. The museum is the largest in America, and completion of it has been accomplished since the close of the exposition. The exercises to-day were simple and impressive.

Eleven thousand five hundred tickets of admission were issued for the occasion. The museum was intended as a perpetuation of the more striking features of the World's Fair, and received an endowment of $1,000,000 from Marshall Field. F. J. V. Skiff, who was chosen for the department of mines and mining at the fair, was chosen director general, and the museum is divided into departments over each of which there is a director.

Fearful Explosion.

New York, May 31.—A terrific explosion followed by a fire occurred at 4:30 o'clock this morning in a distillery on the ground floor of a double tenement house No. 129 Suffolk street, resulting in the death of Lizzie Yaega, aged 4 years, and serious injuries to four others. Twenty families tenanted the building.

The explosion and fire cut them off from the stairway. Fifteen children were thrown from upper windows. Some of the older persons escaped by creeping on the narrow ledge of the second story to the window of the next house. Two men living in the house in the rear of the burning building got a blanket and used it as a net in which to catch the children dropped from the windows above. There were 15 dropped in all. The children had to be dropped through a sheet of flame which was leaping from the side of the building between the windows and the blanket below in the rear yard.

ARE IN EXECUTIVE SESSION.

Officers of the United Mine Workers at Columbus.

Columbus, O., June 5.—Substantially all of the officers and district presidents of the United Mine Workers of America met to-day at the Grand Central Hotel. They opened with an executive session.

An effort is being made by outsiders, it is understood, to have these officers declare in favor of a resumption of work at all mines in Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, Indiana, Central Illinois and certain other contiguous territory provided operators in such territory, or some of them, consent to pay the price that is asked for mining.

The argument that is being brought to bear to effect this plan is that while the miners as a rule have been law-abiding and have won a fair share of public sympathy some of them seem to feel disposed to disobey President McBride's strict injunction to keep within the law, and because of such disobedience public sympathy may turn the other way.

A well known operator here in speaking of this movement to resume work upon the plan herein outlined says it were better to resume upon the foregoing conditions for less money than the scale of last year. What effect this effort to secure a settlement may have cannot be foreshadowed as the miners' officials will not talk for publication. It is known, however, that some of them have been urged to settle on the foregoing basis.

ROMANCE OF AN INSANE ASYLUM.

An Attendant and a Patient Elope and Cannot be Found.

San Francisco, June 1.—A strange romance comes from the state asylum at Agnews. Nearly a year ago a bright appearing young woman giving her name as Mrs. Evelyn Lenore Ballou Mills-Evans was arrested here for swindling fashionable boarding houses, and a maid and a nurse who had trusted her. She was twice taken before the board of lunacy and pronounced sane. A police magistrate then pronounced her guilty of the crime charged and sentenced her to six month's imprisonment in the house of correction.

Then it transpired that the woman had a wealthy brother in Sacramento and another influential brother in New York who is connected with the great house of Tiffany. They promptly interceded, had her pronounced insane, and she was removed from prison to the Agnew asylum. There she strangely encountered an acquaintance of her girlhood, J. A. Beardsley, who was employed as an attendant at the institution.

Now Beardsley and Mrs. Mills-Evans are both missing from the asylum. One resigned his position and the other escaped. It transpires, too, that the woman has secured a divorce from her second husband, a mechanic named Evans, whom she married in San Francisco, and that she is now the wife of J. A. Beardsley. Their present whereabouts are unknown. The Ballou family is well known in New York. J. A. Beardsley is the son of a former New York banker. His mother now lives at White Plains, N. Y.

LOUISIANA WHITE CAPS.

Outrages as Severe as Those of Reconstruction Days.

St. Louis, May 30.—A special to the Republican says: The town of Newroad, the seat of justice of Pointe Coupee parish, Louisiana, was the scene the other night of a serious white cap outrage, full particulars of which are not known because of the isolation of the town. Geo. Paul, an aged negro, offended one of the white caps. A party of the latter called at the negro's house for the purpose of whipping him. They rapped at his door for admittance, but Paul in some way got wind of the proposed visit, and had his two sons, a brother and brother-in-law in the house to assist him in protecting his life. On shattering the door, the white caps found Paul and his body guards ready to defend them, and a fusilade of shots followed. Paul was killed outright, and four others were badly wounded. After the shooting, the white caps mounted their horses and rode off. Advices from Newroad state that the sheriff and his deputies have arrested two white men as being implicated in the shooting.

BOSTON'S MORAL CRUSADE.

Rev. Dr. Lansing is Attacking the Police Department.

Boston, June 1.—The Rev. Dr. J. I. Lansing, of the Park street church, this city, has entered upon a crusade against police corruption. He is backed by the New England Moral Reform club. Dr. Lansing alleges that the police of the city are in collusion with the proprietors of disreputable places, so that if such places are to be raided the inmates are warned in time. He declares:

"We have proof that the police have taken money. We know when it was paid, what it was paid for, and who received it. We have names, dates, times and affidavits, with all the details to secure conviction. In open court. We know who the go-betweens are, and the police who have hobnobbed with those arrested for keeping these houses, and who have aided the keepers to get clear."

It is understood that Dr. Lansing will at once prefer formal charges before the police commissioners.

HE PAID FOR PROTECTION.

Startling Discovery Made by the Senate Committee.

New York, June 1.—Charles Priem, who for six years kept a disorderly house in Bayard street, testified before the State Senate investigating committee to-day that all the time he was paying for police protection. At first he was taxed $25 a month, but the assessment was subsequently increased. His total payments for protection were $4,300. He paid the money, he said, to Ward Detective George Connors. With every change of police captains the witness was required to pay what was called an iniation fee, which ranged from $300 to $500, the ward detective—sometimes Connors and sometimes Schmidt—collecting the money.

SHE TOOK CARBOLIC ACID.

Extraordinary Suicide of Miss Ellen J. Chase.

St. Louis, June 4.—Miss Ellen J. Chase, aged 22, living in the fashionable west end, swallowed the contents of an ounce bottle of carbolic acid and died in half an hour. No reason is known why she should commit suicide, but the fact that she took the entire contents of the bottle of burning acid is looked upon by some as proof that she meant to kill herself. The deceased was the daughter of Mrs Henry Chase, a widow whose husband was formerly head of the Chase Bagging Company, of this city. The family until two years ago lived in Boston.

A KELLY BOAT CAPSIZES

And One of the Commonwealers Was Drowned.

St. Louis, June 2.—As Kelly's boats were putting out into the river yesterday in a skiff capsized and John Becker, of Omaha, was drowned.

A message received this evening from Jefferson Barracks, about ten miles down the river, stated that while off that place one of the boats turned over, throwing 38 men in the water. Two men are known to have been drowned, and it is said that two others are missing. The fleet passed Sulphur Springs this evening.

THEY WILL HAVE A RIVAL.

Cigarette Trust to Have Serious Opposition From St. Louis.

St. Louis, May 30.—The cigarette trust which has so long practically controlled that trade by reason of its possession of the patents of the most effective cigarette making machine known is to have a new rival in the form of one of the biggest tobacco manufacturing firms in this city.

This firm has completed a series of severe tests of a newly invented cigarette machine.

For Baby's Skin Scalp and Hair use CUTICURA SOAP the purest sweetest and most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world

Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Props., Boston.

BRECKINRIDGE AT FRANKFORT.

Wayward Willie is Received With Great Enthusiasm.

Frankfort, Ky., June 5.—Congressman Breckinridge spoke here yesterday to an enthusiastic gathering of 4,000 people. He arrived at 10 a. m. from Lexington, Ky., and was met at the depot by 500 people who cheered him lustily as he got off the train. The speaking was billed to be at the court house, but when the hour for the speech arrived it was found that not one-third of the crowd could get inside and the meeting adjourned to the state house yard, where he spoke from a table.

He was introduced by ex-Mayor E. H. Taylor, jr., and was received with such applause that he could not commence his speech for 15 minutes. He spoke about an hour and a half and made one of the most eloquent efforts of his life.

He did not roast his opponents as bitterly as on other occasions. This county has all along been considered as Owens strongest point, but the reception to Breckinridge yesterday was certainly beyond expectations. Many ladies attended the meeting. Colonel Breckinridge was dined yesterday at the home of Col. E. H. Taylor, jr.

OWENS ROASTS BRECKINRIDGE

And Talks to Thousands of People at Paris, Ky.

Paris, Ky., June 5.—Hon. W. C. Owens, the opposing candidate to Col. Breckinridge for Congress in the Ashland district, spoke here yesterday to the largest audience that ever attended a political meeting in Paris. About four thousand people crowded in and around the court house. A special train from Owens's home brought 800 voters. Hundreds of ladies were present, and they cheered most vigorously when Mr. Owens made his telling thrusts at Col. Breckinridge.

His remarks were most scathing, as he charged the sitting member with disgracing and betraying every relation of life. He said that Breckinridge's story, as told by his own tongue is a story of shame, of infamy and of degredation that makes at once the blackest and most damning page in all the history of our government. The audience cheered to the echo.

WILL COMPETE WITH OXFORD.

A Yale Athletic Team Will Go to England in July.

New Haven, Conn., May 31.—It is now almost certain that Yale will send an athletic team over to England to compete with Oxford some time in the month of July. Charles H. Sherrill, jr., Yale, '89, the well-known Yale sprinter, is to manage the team, which will consist of not more than six men. Several well-known Yale graduates have promised to pay the team's expenses, and Oxford, it is expected, will consent that the Yale team will receive the gate receipts. President Walcott, of the University Track Athletic team, was seen last evening. The only thing now in the way, he said, was the consent of the men to go over, and that this would be obtained he had no doubt. Some of the prospective team were seen, and they were very enthusiastic over the future programme. The team will consist of Hickok, Sheedon, Cady, Sanford, Morgan, and either Glanny, Kershaw or Funnell. The team will not leave until after the examinations on or about June 9.

COXEYITES WERE SENTENCED,

And Fourteen of Them Afterwards Escaped From the Officers.

Missoula, Mont., June 5.—Judge Knowles in the United States court yesterday, discharged two and sentenced the remaining 33 Coxeyites who stole a train near Arlee, to 30 days in jail for contempt of court.

While on the way back to jail, fourteen of them escaped with the help of friends in the crowd who distracted the attention of the guards. There is no prospect of their recapture.

Declared It Unconstitutional.

Owensboro, Ky., June 5.—In the United States circuit court yesterday, in the case of Rev. W. J. Gaither, colored, against the Louisville & Nashville company, Judge Barr held the separate coach law an interference with inter-commerce, and on that was wholly unconstitutional.

Asiatic cholera has appeared in the town of Myslowitz, Prussian Silsela. There has been one death from the disease and another person is ill.

Money, Crops, Trade

EUROPE'S WHEAT CROP.

Farmers of the United States Will Not Have the Usual Demand.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Washington, D. C., June 2.—It looks as though the farmers of the United States were not to be called upon to furnish the usual quantity of grain to Europe this year. Late reports from Europe show an almost

prosperity. The following summary of the condition of the crops in the various European countries at the latest reports are of interest:

In Great Britain.

Great Britain—An April so generally favorable to the agricultural interest has not been known in many years. During the first half of the month abnormally high temperature prevailed, and unusual sunshine, with consequent development of plant growths. Apprehensions of drought were allayed by bounteous and general rains, which have continued with slight intermissions from the middle to the end of the month. The harvest is now practically assured.

Ireland—Crops and pastures are in the highest degree satisfactory.

In France.

France—On the 14th there fell showers throughout the country that ended a drought which has lasted from the 18th of March, and given rise to much anxiety. Spring seedings were much retarded, and grass lands left much to be desired, though winter-sown cereals are in admirable condition. The plentiful moisture of the latter end of the month leaves nothing to be desired. The wheat is reported as "very beautiful everywhere," and the condition of all cereals is referred to everywhere as in the highest degree satisfactory.

In Germany.

Germany—The injury that was thought to have been done to winter seedings by insufficient covering of snow is now found to amount to little or nothing. Spring sowing was in advance of ordinary seasons owing to the opportunities offered by the drought, which was so long continued as to give rise to the most serious anxiety. Copious and timely rains at the end of the month have, however, reassured farmers, and there is a prospect of a bountiful harvest.

In Spain.

Spain—This country seems to have suffered less than the rest of Europe from the general drought which existed everywhere up to the middle of April. In all the provinces, excepting Aragon, where the weather has been persistently dry throughout the whole winter, there has been adequate moisture, and the condition of crops is reported as promising.

In Portugal.

Portugal—The general European drought was broken in this country earlier than elsewhere, and the prospects are very promising for a good crop.

Belgium—The weather has been highly favorable, and at least a normal harvest is confidently anticipated. There is everywhere prospect that this country in the near future will follow the example of France and impose a duty on cereals. It is expected that an import will be placed on oats and barley of three francs per 100 kilos.

In Italy.

Italy—Unseasonably cold weather prevailed through the early part of the month, and the meteorological conditions were reported as more these of winter than spring. In the northern provinces the rains do not seem to have been as abundant as elsewhere in Europe, and there still come from there complaints of lack of moisture.

In Austria.

Austria.—The cereal crops, even at the end of the prolonged drought, are reported to have presented a fine appearance, and now that there has been considerable rain in Austria (though the rain was not so general as might have been desired), there is anticipation of a satisfactory crop.

Sweden.—The weather has been exceptionally fine during the whole of the month, and the winter seedings are in fine condition.

In North Africa.

North Africa.—Incessant rains have retarded growths, and fears are entertained that if the excess of moisture continues the harvest will be both diminished in quantity and late in time.

Hungary.—Heavy rains have fallen here, and the effect upon crops has been most favorable. The nights during the continuance of the drought were colder than they were in France and Germany, and, as a consequence, winter seedings are not so precocious. Every prospect is favorable for a satisfactory crop.

Roumania.—Early in the month the winter seedings were reported from here to be more backward than in many years. Favorable weather, though somewhat cold, during the first half of the month resulted in fair development of growing crops, and intermittent rains since have guaranteed excellent crops.

In Russia.

Russia.—According to an official report published at the beginning of the month, there was little reason to fear for the safety of the early crops. North of a line drawn from Reval to Kharkoff there was enough snow to protect the crops from the slight frosts at night, while the warmth of the atmosphere produced a gradual beneficial thaw. South of the imaginary line indicated the condition of the crops was reported as satisfactory. Much later reports show that the general fears entertained of serious damage though the very unpropitious weather were without foundation. Wheat and rye are now reported to have come well through the winter.

Turkey.—An area considerably greater than the average has been planted to winter crops, and the condition is reported to be very good indeed.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

In Some Respects There Are Signs of Better Business.

New York, June 2.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: It is a sign of cheering import that in finished business, represented by clearings and railway tonnage, there has been less decrease since the strike began than might have been expected. But in inchoate business, the orders which start the wheels to result in tonnage and payment weeks or months later, there seems to be an actual decrease.

Meanwhile the consequent interruption of traffic and industry increases. The stoppage of iron furnaces between the Alleghany mountains and the Mississippi river has become complete, and a great number of concerns manufacturing iron and others requiring soft coal or coke for fuel have been forced to stop. Business cannot increase in volume under such circumstances, and yet payments through all clearing houses for the week show a decrease of only 20.8 per cent compared with last year.

WILL BE A FATAL FAILURE.

Discouraging Report of the Wheat Crop in Kansas.

Topeka, Kas., June 4.—Reports from the Western third of Kansas are very discouraging, and show that the wheat crop in that section will be a total failure. There will be very little wheat raised west of the center of the state, and unless the conditions immediately change there will be no corn crop raised. In many counties there has not been any rain for more than a year, with the exception of light showers.

The people of that section are fully prepared to withstand another crop failure. Hundreds of farmers are without means to buy provisions to tide them over another year, and the prospects of another failure will force many to leave the country. State Senator Wilcockson, of Logan county, said to-day that the people of that region would have to leave and abandon the prairies for stock ranches if the crops failed again this year. The people have held on with the hope that the climatic conditions would change, but they can remain no longer, and will be forced to leave before another cold winter comes.

Thousands of farmers have lost all they possessed by remaining in Western Kansas waiting for a crop. Year after year they have seen their corn and wheat withered by the hot winds, while they have been compelled to dispose of all their surplus stock to get money to buy bread and seed. Throughout all that section a large acreage of wheat was sown last fall, but there will not be enough harvested to feed the people of one county.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., June 5, 1894.

Prices of government bonds: U. S. 4s, registered, 117¾@118; U. S. 4s, coupons, 117¾@118, U. S. 4s, registered, 112¾; U. S. 4s coupons, 113¼@113¾; U. S. 2s, 96 bid; Pacific 6s, '95, 100½ bid.

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday cash wheat at the Toledo Exchange is up 1-2c. June about 1-2c, and July 2-3c. Trade was only fair and the market was easier at the close. Frost reports influenced the market.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 54 1-2c; No. 3 soft red, 53c.

June wheat, about 54 5-8c; July wheat, 55 3-8c, 55 5-8c, and finally 55 1-2c; August, 56 5-8c, 56 3-4c, then 56 1-2c; September, 57 1-4c and one lot at 57 1-2c; December 60 3-8c, then 60 1-2c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closed
June				
Toledo				54¾
Chicago	55	55	54¾